



CALTHORPE;

OR,

FALLEN FORTUNES:

A Novel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE MYSTERY; OR, FORTY YEARS AGO.

“ We worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen,
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom ;
But, now I see you in a way to rise,
I can, and will, assist you.”

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CALTHORPE

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WILLIAM CALTHORPE

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CHAPTER I.

“ I loathe that low vice, curiosity;
But if there's any thing in which I shine,
Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs
Not having of my own domestic cares.”

LORD BYRON.

It has been seen, that Henry was made uncomfortable by the altered conduct of his former friend the Deputy. For this, he was, unknown to himself, in some measure revenged; as the opening bloom of manhood and his modest but dignified deportment, Mr. Hanson could not but feel, were well calculated to attract the admiration of the other sex. Alexan-

drina was too old to be returned to school, and the Deputy was tortured with constant apprehension, lest the union which he formerly courted, should even now take place, — now that he was as anxious to avoid, as he had once been eager to invite, such a consummation.

Since the little affair of the coffee-cup, the deliberations which used to occupy the Deputy and his lady while engaged at their breakfast, had been, as if by mutual consent, postponed till the cloth was removed. This was occasioned, not altogether by these prudential feelings on the part of the Deputy, which the accident just referred to, may be supposed to have inspired, and which might have taught a less sagacious politician the necessity of adopting precautionary measures, where friendship could be changed by a process so exceedingly simple and short, into the most fatal hostility. It was in part caused by the presence of Alexandrina, who was com-

monly the subject of their discussions, and still more by that of Pierrepont and his friend Henry. During this meal, in which Mrs. Hanson had been accustomed to charm her husband with her most voluble display, a brief, commonplace, and disjointed conversation was now awkwardly maintained; and the whole of the parties felt relieved, by its termination, from an unwelcome presence, and an unpleasant restraint.

What may be called the adjournment had one morning taken place — that is, Henry and Pierrepont, and even Alexandrina, had retired, and the Deputy and his lady found themselves at liberty to entertain each other in the way which had formerly been customary; when the orator broke silence, and expressed to Mrs. Hanson the apprehensions that oppressed his mind, on the subject of young Burleigh. The lady, who in the absence of all real discrimination, never failed to take credit to herself for a

boundless share of sagacity, thought proper to reply, by taunting her husband on the folly which had first brought Henry to reside with them. He vindicated himself, by pointing out the impossibility of foreseeing events like those which had recently occurred, at the same time reminding her that his former views had met with her entire approbation. This was vehemently denied; and the wife of the Deputy, whose good-nature was about on a par with her regard for truth, thought it proper to throw herself into a violent passion on the occasion, and roundly to declare, that she had always thought it quite absurd to think of seeking a husband for a child like Alexandrina.

The Deputy, who well remembered how cordially Mrs. Hanson had entered into his views, thought proper to insinuate that she had told that which was not exactly the truth. A conscious feeling that the reproach was well-merited dictated a furious response to this attack.

on her veracity. The orator answered with warmth, and adverting to the sneer at his thinking of a husband for a child like Alexandrina, remarked, that, when she (Mrs. Hanson,) was such another child, she not only thought herself old enough at eighteen, to have a husband, but had actually had one.

Again was the Common-councilman flatly contradicted; and, for Alexandrina, he was told that she was nothing like eighteen or seventeen either.

“Tell this,” said Mr. Hanson, to any body but me, my dear. You know well enough that she is almost eighteen though you are pleased to put her back, in order to be thought younger yourself than you are. I know what was written on the inside of the cover of the Bible, before you thought proper to tear it off and send it to be bound again, in order that your daughter’s real age might not be known.”

“ Indeed! and so, because you are nearly fifty, because when I married you, you pretended to be about ten years younger than you really were, you suppose that I did the same. It’s an old saying but a very true one, ‘that people always judge of others by themselves.’ ”

The Deputy was to the full as sore on the subject of age as his wife. Both added, by relentless Time, to the number of those who are commonly called middle-aged people; shrunk back with a silly horror from that more advanced stage of existence, old age, on which they felt that it must be theirs at no distant period to enter; and on every occasion manifested a feverish anxiety to conceal, as they could not avoid, the silvery honours which accumulated years had begun to bestow. From being in the constant habit of attempting to impose on the credulity of their friends and acquaintances, they at length attempted to extend the deceit to each other. Feeling thus, the Deputy no sooner heard himself accused

of the high crime of having lived nearly half a century, than he rejoined with becoming indignation—

“ If I am fifty, it’s all the worse for you. In years I am very much inclined to think that you have the advantage of me; and what’s more, I am sure you have, if I may go by looks.”

“ I see you are as great a bear as ever, my dear. What do you mean by looks ?”

This interrogatory, was vociferated in a tone that made the Common-councilman start. It, indeed, seemed to announce the speaker to be fully prepared for action.

“ Why I mean ——”

“ What do you mean, my dear ?” said Mrs. Hanson, in a much softer tone, at the same time sideling towards the Common-councilman, and looking another way, as if a different object engrossed the greater portion of her attention— She had got tolerably near him ; she had be-

gun to reiterate her question in a loud and fierce tone ; and the tigress was just ready for her spring, when the Deputy, who had been taught, by painful experience, to understand full well the object of the movement above described, started out of the room. He completed this operation in time to escape that acknowledgement of his politeness, which his affectionate consort had intended to bestow, and he effected his retreat down stairs in tolerable order. He had scarcely done so, when the door again opened, and Mrs. Hanson rushed on the person who entered, as a cat would pounce on a mouse. In a moment, she discovered that it was not her returning husband ; but the maid, who announced that Mrs. Clatter and Miss Snarl had called. Presuming on the intimacy which subsisted between them, they were now heard rapidly ascending the stairs, and Mrs. Hanson had hardly time to exclaim, “ What do they want, plaguing, every day ? I wish

they would wait till they are sent for ;” when they entered the apartment, and she received them with—

“I’m very—very glad to see you. Why you’re quite strangers—where have you been all this time?”

“Why it was only the day before yesterday, that we called,” said Mrs. Clatter.

“But that seems a century ago.”

“Are you not well?” enquired Miss Snarl.

“Bless me! my dear, how you are flushed,” cried Mrs. Clatter. “Have advice. Do you not feel ill?”

“I am rather unwell.”

“And what has flurried you so?”

“A very unpleasant occurrence—But I ought not to trouble you with my distress. It would be to fatigue you.”

“Not at all,” said Miss Snarl.

“Not that we would be inquisitive about family matters,” added Mrs. Clatter; “but at the same time to open one’s

mind to a friend affords great relief. Do not, however, suppose that we have any wish to pry into secrets; nevertheless, as it is quite clear that something extraordinary has happened, Miss Snarl, as well as myself, feels anxious to know what it is, in the hope that we may be able to suggest the means of relief."

Miss Snarl followed up this judicious harangue of Mrs. Clatter, and both repeatedly declaring that they would not enquire into the cause of her uneasiness, and at the same time importuning her to disclose it, Mrs. Hanson could no longer refuse to gratify two such very affectionate friends, and, accordingly replied to their persevering entreaties —

"I don't know that I ought to mention it. — But I am a very unhappy woman."

Here she halted for the purpose of shedding a few tears. And the exclamations "Indeed!" and "Bless me!" were supplied between her sobs, by her sympathising audience.

“ But what is the matter ?” said Mrs. Clatter ; who began to think that too much time was lost between the acts of this tragedy.

“ O, my dear !” said Mrs. Hanson, and her handkerchief went up to her eyes.— “ Mr. Hanson is such a wretched temper.— He has used me worse than a brute.”

“ I would use him,” said Miss Snarl, with that air of unconquerable resolution, in which spinsters excel.

“ And I,” screamed Mrs. Clatter, “ would soon let him know that I *would* be mistress in my own house.”

Mrs. Hanson, having made up her mind to be interesting all through the scene, replied, in a very subdued tone,—

“ Ah ! my dear, this is very easily said ; but you have no idea what a man he is.— Bless you, I am obliged to give way in every thing, or there would be no living with him. If he had a spirited wife — that is, a woman of passionate or fiery

temper, Heaven knows what work there would be. For my own part, I think there would be murder.”

“ But what has he done ? ”

“ Why he has been calling me an old wretch ; and he says Alexandrina — the child, you know, — is eighteen years of age ! ”

“ Well, I’m sure ! ” exclaimed Miss Snarl, breathless with astonishment.

“ What will the man say next ? ” exclaimed Mrs. Clatter, in a tone of indescribable surprise and horror, at the falsehood supposed to have been told by Mr. Hanson.

The Lady proceeded.

“ Now, you know that I married at sixteen ; that is but fourteen years ago ; and so Alexandrina can be but just turned of thirteen ; — and, besides, there’s the parish register to prove it.”

“ But the story is too ridiculous to merit attention. I’m sure I would not

let it give me a moment's uneasiness, if I were you."

"But I hate people to tell such falsehoods," sighed the wife of the Deputy; "and I always laugh at people who make themselves younger than they are. What is the use of it? You know one can't deceive one's self."

"Very true!" replied Mrs. Clatter; "and what does it signify what other people may think."

"Nothing at all. — Then I am made very uncomfortable about Alexandrina. Her father has gone on in such a way, that I am afraid she will think herself a woman, and perhaps marry this young Burleigh, whom we have been so foolish as to take into the house out of charity."

"Indeed!"

"That would be a very serious thing; for he has not a penny in the world. Only think, what an unpleasant affair it would be, if the daughter of respectable people — an only daughter — were to throw herself away on a beggar."

“ O, shocking !”

“ It is not that I think any thing of money ; but what disgrace it would bring on the family !”

“ It would really be dreadful,” said Miss Snarl ; “ but pray don’t think of it, my dear madam. Come, we have called to take you with us to the Exhibition. Mrs. Clatter’s carriage is at the door.”

“ Come, my dear,” said Mrs. Clatter, in the soothing tone of genuine friendship, “ it will amuse your mind a little.”

“ You are very kind. — But before we go, I wish you would speak to Alexandrina, just to advise her against thinking any thing of Burleigh, or, indeed, of any body, while she is so young. What you say would have more effect on her, perhaps, than any thing that I might urge.”

The ladies cheerfully consented to take upon themselves this friendly task ; and Mrs. Hanson left the room to seek Alexandrina. The instant the door closed,

“ Hush !” said Mrs. Clatter, to Miss.

Snarl, "You laugh so loud, that she will hear," laughing at the same time herself, till the convulsions of her mirth brought tears into her eyes.

"Did you ever hear any thing half so ridiculous?" enquired Miss Snarl.

"Never, never. — You see, she makes it out that she is but thirty. Now, to my certain knowledge, she has been married to her present husband more than twenty years. She had a child or two by her first husband, and she was a widow a year and a half; so the story that she is now but thirty, and that she thinks it folly for people to disguise their age, tells with a very good grace."

"Then Alexandrina." —

"Aye, Alexandrina just thirteen! That's very good. — She's twenty, I dare say, if she's an hour."

"Then, the disgrace to be brought on the family, if this great tomboy, that she calls a child, should marry Henry Burleigh!"

“Yes ; I like that. She quite forgets that she used to assist her mother at the wash-tub, while the Deputy, whose family is now in such danger of being disgraced, was a linen draper’s underling.”

This good-natured and edifying conversation, would probably have been continued with unabated spirit for an hour, had it not been terminated by the sudden entrance of Alexandrina. Mrs. Clatter and Miss Snarl now proceeded, with all due solemnity, to admonish that young lady on the duty imposed upon her of attending to the wishes of her parents, by always bearing in mind the rank which she held in society. The daughter of the Deputy listened with dutiful earnestness, and gave the proper responses with great regularity. In the most explicit manner, she assured her kind advisers, that even if she were old enough to think of a husband, she would never lower the dignity of her family,

by choosing Henry Burleigh for her husband.

This matter being settled to the entire satisfaction of all parties, Mrs. Hanson soon brightened up, and gaily accompanied her kind comforters to the Exhibition.

CHAP. II.

“ _____ I

(What is not to be shunned) bear patiently ;
But had she health, as sound as is the Spring,
To me she would be sickly Autumn still.”

DEKKER.

THE days of Mrs. Burleigh passed in silent sorrow. In the humble dwelling which remained to her, she received but few visits, and it was but seldom that she accepted invitations from those with whom she had formerly been intimate. Her humble means made it impossible for her to do the one, and she shrunk with sincere repugnance from the painful recollections inspired by the other. She had no wish, but to rest in solitude, till the remainder of her melancholy days should be spent ; and, for herself, she regretted not the poverty to which she was doomed ; as, had all her former

affluence returned, she would have felt no disposition to make any material change in her style of living. If she had ever experienced any of that restless anxiety, which some ladies know, who aspire to the honour of eclipsing all their acquaintances, it survived not the terrible shock which she had sustained, in the death of Mr. Burleigh.

But, though she sighed not for those comforts and enjoyments, which ample means once placed at her command, a throb of unmingled agony would sometimes agitate her bosom, while her attention rested on the calamitous change, which that deplorable event had made in the prospects of her children. All the hopes in which she had once indulged were no more ; her son, she had but too much reason to fear, was doomed for life to hardly-requited drudgery ; and her daughter cut off, like herself, from society, she could not but view, as destined to wither in cheerless retirement.

Harriet shared the grief of her mother ; and mourning the irreparable loss which they had sustained in the death of their common protector, felt no wish to mingle with the gay world. To her, the enjoyments of life had lost all their value, and she was too inexperienced to have any idea that time itself could change their character, and restore their lost importance.

In the morning, when least exposed to interruption, Harriet sometimes attended her remaining parent to the brow of the hill. The pure air seemed to revive Mrs. Burleigh, and the gentle exercise of walking thither proved conducive to the health of both. Passing to their accustomed promenade one day, a gentleman's servant, in a gig, drove carelessly against them. Harriet received a severe bruise, and her mother, starting in the alarm of the moment, fell to the ground. The driver looked round. The appearance of an elderly female, thrown down with

violence, was, in his eye, a fit subject for merriment, and, calling out, "You ought to get out of the way, old woman," he pursued his course with a laugh.

But his mirth was of short duration. A person, whom he had not seen before, springing suddenly into the chaise, and seizing him by the collar, helped him over the back of the vehicle, with such expedition, that he felt his head bound from the shock, which it received from the ground, before he had any distinct idea of the object of his assailant. He was next dragged to the ladies, and compelled to implore their forgiveness, and finally dismissed, with a mark of the stranger's consideration, which was very likely to answer the purpose of a keepsake for more than a day or two. The gentleman who had thus interfered now offered his services to the mother and daughter, and they found that their avenger was no other than Sir James Denville.

In return for their acknowledgments,

he exulted in the delight that it had afforded him to arrive so opportunely, to chastise the ruffianly carelessness which had endangered their lives. For several days afterwards, he failed not to call, for the purpose of making enquiries after their health; and, on one of these occasions, finding himself alone with Harriet, he led the conversation to that topic which, in happier days, he had always been ready to enter upon, but which, till now, he had never recurred to, since the death of Mr. Burleigh.

“The respect and veneration,” said he, after a few introductory remarks, “which I must ever cherish, for the memory of my dear lost friend, would still lead me to aspire to the hand of his daughter; if she would authorise me to entertain a hope that her coldness might one day be subdued.”

“Your condescension, Sir James, is great, and your disinterestedness commands my admiration; but, at present,

my mind is ill prepared to entertain that question which you would press on my consideration.”

“ And must it ever — ever more be thus? In affluence or in indigence, — in joy or in sorrow, you are still the same, and always unprepared to listen to me. Will the day never arrive, when I may plead my passion with a prospect of attaining the object of my ambition ; — the only object entitled to my care ? ”

“ At all events you must feel that this is not the time, at which I ought to invite your attentions. You would think meanly of me, if, while yet a mourner for a beloved parent, snatched away by an event so awfully sudden, as that which we deplore, I could listen to the language of love.”

“ Nay,” returned the Baronet, “ six months have elapsed since your lamented father paid the debt of nature. If sorrow is to be so long persevered in, we, in fact, throw away our own lives. The

volume of existence so abounds with calamities, that acting thus, we must dedicate the whole of our days to mourning."

"A brief half-year ought not to sweep away the memory of those we love."

"I do not wish that it should. But cannot your father be remembered, — tenderly remembered, — in the arms of a husband, who not less attached to his memory than yourself, would ever be ready to join in your regrets, and mingle his tears with yours?"

"Indeed, indeed, Sir James, I cannot turn my mind to such subjects now."

"Tell me that you can never favour my pretensions, — tell me that I am doomed to sigh in vain, — tell me this, and at once annihilate the irrational hope which has so long struggled against my peace. Then, bowing to the hard sentence, I will bless the merciful rigour which terminates suspense."

He spoke with energy, and the ear-

nestness of his manner afflicted Harriet. She replied in a soothing tone,

“Far be it from me, Sir James, to treat any one with rigour, but really the recent death of my father ——”

“Makes it more than ever necessary that you should seek, in a husband, an honourable protector. But, unhappily, I am not he whom you would prefer. Is it not so? Tell me, I conjure you, tell me, and at once.”

“I give you my word, that I have thought of no one.”

“No; but there are sympathies which attract, peculiarities that win affection, and habits of thinking that lead the inclination captive. These, I fear you have never found in me, but their opposites, which repel; these, I suspect, — would I did no more than suspect! — appear to you to form the character of Sir James Denville. Is not the conjecture fatally correct?”

“Pray, Sir James, desist.”

“ No ; answer the question. Let me know the sum of calamity at once. Have you found in me those qualities which I have enumerated ? ”

“ I hardly understand the question. ”

“ Terminate my every doubt. Have you seen in me those traits — those — those peculiarities, which your heart has whispered you could wish should distinguish your future husband. ”

“ I cannot say that I have — ”

“ 'Tis sufficient — ”

“ That I have thought about it. ”

“ Nay ; — still you evade the question. Tell me, have I not appeared the opposite of what you could desire ? Have you not seemed instinctively to shrink from me with aversion or terror, when for a moment, the idea of becoming mine has passed across your mind. ”

Harriet made no reply.

“ Can you deny that such has been the feeling inspired by my presence, or my name ? — Speak. ”

Harriet was silent.

“It is enough,” said Sir James;
“all is over — I know my doom.”

“Sir James, I cannot continue to hear this language.”

“It shall offend you no more. No; since I cannot avert, I will at least prove that I can bow with devoted resignation, to the severe decree. From this hour, I abandon the hope of making you my wife. — May the hand to which I aspired be the lot of some more favoured mortal, who will know how to value it, as it deserves to be valued. I will press my rejected suit no further.”

“You do well, Sir James. — Were there no disparity in our circumstances, to oppose the union you have stooped to solicit, you must feel that your chance for happiness would not be great with one, who, situated as I am, could so soon think of passing, in the dress of a bride, over a parent’s untimely grave.”

“The disparity of circumstances, to

which you have alluded, I have always regarded as wholly beneath my consideration. No such sordid imputation will, I trust, rest on my character."

"I shall ever be ready to do justice to the noble generosity which you have displayed in former instances, as well as on the present occasion."

"As well as on the present occasion!" repeated the Baronet. "Ah! Harriet, I see, it is the generosity which relieves you from the importunity of my passion, that you most value. Be happy, Harriet; and be assured that, though no time can eradicate that beloved image from my bosom, the sighs of my aching heart shall not interfere with your repose."

In the early part of the foregoing speech, there was a sternness in the manner of Sir James, which powerfully arrested the attention of Harriet. But, as he proceeded, his voice became subdued by emotion, and the generous resolution which he announced, made him

more interesting than he had ever appeared before. She thought not of love; but his conduct won her undivided esteem.

Harriet had not time to reply to the last words of the Baronet, when Mrs. Burleigh entered. The agitation of Sir James, and the embarrassment of her daughter, could not escape notice; but she had no time to make enquiries before the Baronet supplied an explanation, by briefly stating what had occurred. She attempted to express regret; but was stopped by the rejected suitor, who reiterated the determination he had come to, never again to *persecute* (that was the word he used), by soliciting Harriet to bestow her hand, where it was but too evident that she could not give her heart. After this declaration, all felt that to prolong the scene would be useless; and Sir James took his leave, declaring that he should henceforth view her but as the daughter of his dear, lost friend, or as a

sister. Mrs. Burleigh could only express her thanks for his kind attention. That same want of worldly wisdom, which, on a former occasion, had subjected her to the sharp rebukes of "the friends of the family," prevented her from schooling her daughter for refusing so advantageous an offer, as some respectable mothers may think it was her duty to do. Whatever were the necessities of her present situation, and ample and immediate as was the relief promised by a family alliance with Sir James Denville, it did not occur to Mrs. Burleigh, that it would be desirable to regain affluence, at the expense of her daughter's happiness.

CHAP. III.

“ ‘Then it is to be hoped,’ cried I, ‘that you reverence the King.’ ‘Yes,’ returned my entertainer, ‘when he does what we would have him; but if he goes on as he has done of late, I’ll never trouble myself more with his matters. I say nothing. I think only; I could have directed some things better. I don’t think there has been a sufficient number of advisers; he should advise with every person willing to give him advice, and then we should have things done in another guest manner.’ ”

GOLDSMITH

HENRY and Pierrepont continued united by the closest ties of friendship. In each other’s society, they forgot the inconveniences to which they were subjected by the pride and meanness of the low-minded Hansons. Pierrepont on every occasion took care to mark his contempt for them, and for their opinions. Alexandrina he sometimes spoke of with less asperity, describing her to be a tolerably good-natured romp. Henry

suspected that his friend had substantial reasons for speaking in praise of her good nature ; at least so far as he himself was concerned. This he ventured to hint, more than once, to Pierrepont ; but the latter passed it off as a jest, and denied that the slightest freedoms had passed between them.

Important business required the presence of Pierrepont at Gibraltar. Henry, who had before looked with such apprehension to his return from abroad, now witnessed the preparations for his departure with unspeakable regret.

He sailed ; and Henry found that he had not deceived himself, when he anticipated that his own situation would be rendered more than ever irksome. Whatever put the Deputy and his Lady out of temper, their indignation always found its way, by a route more or less circuitous, to the brokenhearted Burleigh. He generally received the tribute of their spleen with silent, and appa-

rently unheeding contempt ; but there were moments, when insulted sorrow vindicated its dignity, and taught insolent meanness and groveling arrogance, to respect its energy.

A month had passed since Pierrepont took his departure, when the Deputy and his lady resolved on giving a grand entertainment, in consequence of the arrival of a female cousin from Devonshire, who had suddenly become a personage of considerable importance. Mrs. Jenkins married the landlord of a little hedge-alehouse, whose father had filled the same station before him, in consequence of the grandfather of the present Mr. Jenkins having ruined himself by a chancery-suit. Though his claim was really well-founded, the grandfather ended his days in the Marshalsea. The next heir lived and died in the alehouse ; but now, after two generations had perished in poverty, the proceedings, brought to an unexpectedly early termination, had put the land-

lord of the Plough and Horse-shoe in possession of a princely fortune, which consoled him, not only for the embarrassments which he himself had known, but for all the misery and starvation endured by his progenitors.

The Hansons on hearing of this change, though their cousin, as servant at the Plough and Horse-shoe, (in which character she made her *debut* at the ale-house,) and subsequently as the mistress of it, had claimed very little of their attention, now felt ambitious of her acquaintance. Mrs. Jenkins, in consequence, received a very kind letter, reminding her of the near relationship which subsisted between them, and expressing a hope that her old friends would soon have the happiness of seeing her in town, with Mr. Jenkins and the rest of the family.

Mrs. Jenkins was not slow to accept the invitation. She arrived; and her kind cousins in the few hours she passed with them on her first visit, finding that she

talked of nothing but of buying houses and estates, and of transactions in which she and her husband were mixed up with members of parliament, and legal characters of the highest celebrity, were equally surprised and delighted with her improved deportment. In compliance with their most pressing entreaties, she promised to dine with them on the following Thursday.

A visit from a relation, in such excellent circumstances, seemed to the Deputy and his lady, to afford an opportunity for establishing the character of their family for opulence and respectability, that might never again occur. They resolved to make the most of it, by inviting all their grand friends to meet Mrs. Jenkins. Accordingly, on the Thursday, that lady had the honour of being introduced, among others, to Sir David Snarl, Lady Snarl, the Miss Snarls, Mrs. Clatter; and, also, to half a dozen Aldermen, as many Members of

the Court of Common-council, and one Member of Parliament.

Mr. and Mrs. Hanson perceived, with great satisfaction, that the splendour of their entertainment was not lost on their relation. All through the dinner, they found little reason to object to the manners of Mrs. Jenkins. Her voice, which was remarkably good, was heard above the rest of the company, while affably roaring — “Your health, ladies and gentlemen all!” every time she lifted a glass to her mouth; but, then, that was “the country way;” and, if the Deputy was disconcerted for a moment, when on his soliciting permission to send her a little more turbot, she replied, that, “her stomach would not hold another bit;” a moment’s reflection suggested, that such a *lapsus* might happen to any one in the hurry of dinner.

The cloth removed; with all that ease and freedom which should mark good breeding, Mrs. Jenkins expressed her

sentiments on every subject, without the slightest embarrassment. Most of the topics, on which her eloquence was displayed, appeared to the Deputy felicitously selected to make known her importance; and he, in consequence, encouraged her to proceed.

Mrs. Jenkins entertained the company with some account of the arrangements, which Mr. Jenkins was about to make, on his principal estate. It was his intention to build a handsome house, with rooms so large, that a coach-and-four might be turned in them: double joists were to be introduced, and the spaces between filled up with sand; so that it would be impossible for those on one floor, to be annoyed by any noise in the apartments above or below. She added, Mr. Jenkins meant to build the whole so substantially, that it should serve for a family seat "for ever and ever."

"That," said the Deputy, "is a very good thought. My poor father was very

much to blame for not doing something of the kind in his life-time."

"Why," returned Mrs. Jenkins, "he could not well do that."

"True, very true, his talent did not lie that way."

"And, as old Doctor Jackson gave him but sixteen shillings a week, besides his keep, he had not the money to spare."

The light thrown on the Deputy's origin, by this judicious speech, gave that gentleman what is familiarly called "a slap in the face;" that took away his breath for the first fifteen seconds, and his countenance wore that expression of amazement, vexation, and rage, which, in a friendly party, often sits on the face of a good whist-player, when his partner fails to *return his lead*.

At first, he seemed not to hear what had fallen from his accomplished cousin, and amused himself by calling on the gentlemen to charge their glasses; but, he had the mortification to find, that

Mrs. Jenkins, considering the conversation to have taken a very interesting turn, was impatiently waiting for an answer. The Deputy, not less anxious to prevent a new explosion, than to do away the effect of that which had already taken place, attempted one.

“I see you’re just the merry madcap you used to be: you had always wit at will, and a joke for every body.”

Lady Snarl, Mrs. Clatter, and the other ladies present, who had at first, like the Deputy, affected not to notice what had been said respecting the situation of Mr. Hanson’s sire, on hearing that it was a joke, allowed that mirth a vent, in audible laughter, which had inwardly convulsed them before. Mrs. Clatter and Miss Snarl exchanged winks on the occasion, and united to pour their most gracious looks on the Deputy’s cousin, with a view of encouraging her to go on.

The landlady of the Plough and

Horse-shoe was highly gratified by the discernment of those who found her conversation so eminently entertaining ; and, in the full flow of self-complacency and good humour, she replied to Mr. Hanson, “ Why, yes, cousin, I believe, I generally give people as good as they send, or thereabouts. Don’t you remember what a rub I gave the old Doctor, about his not getting you into the charity-school.”

At the mention of the words “ charity school,” the whole company started, as if a bomb-shell, just about to explode, had been dropped among them ; but, recovering from the shock, they were proceeding to affect unconsciousness of any meaning being attached to what had so forcibly arrested their attention, when Mrs. Hanson had sufficient presence of mind to reply to the speaker.”

“ The Charter-house-School. — You mean the Charter-house School.”

“ I don’t know what was the name of the house. But I remember a little

stone boy and girl stood over the door ; and the boy had a pretty bit of paper in his hand, with ‘ *Naked, and ye clothed me,*’ on it ; and the girl——”

“ O ! no,” he replied ; “ you are confounding two very different things. It was the Charter-house.”

“ But, come,” cried Mrs. Hanson, “ we forget the rest of the company cannot join in this conversation.”

“ True, my dear,” returned the Deputy, looking at his lady with something of real good will. “ I was going to ask Lady Snarl if she has heard any thing of the match being broken off between Lord Wilcox, and Lady Mary Vixen.”

The conversation now introduced, was of such a character, that Mrs. Jenkins could not take a part in it. Mrs. Hanson panted to intimate to her relation, that topics like those on which she had inadvertently touched, ought to be avoided. Mrs. Jenkins sat next but two to Mrs. Hanson ; and the latter lady, carefully

sought, with her feet, those of her cousin. Happily she found them, gently trod on her toe, and, at the same time, admonished Mrs. Jenkins, by a wink, to be more guarded when speaking of former times.

But one of the greatest inconveniences sustained by Mrs. Hanson, from that unfortunate overthrow which dismissed her Deputy the first, from the cares of mortality, was the obstacle which the loss of her eye put in the way of her communicating in silence those thoughts which frequently occurred, when she could not disburden her mind by the agency of her tongue. If she attempted to wink, she merely closed her eye, and the absence of the leer, which the other should supply, to make it intelligible, exposed it to great risk of passing wholly unobserved. Such was the case now. Mrs. Jenkins felt a slight pressure on her toe, and saw the Deputy's lady shut her eye; but the former she supposed to be accidental, and

the latter seemed to be nothing out of the common way.

Failing in her first effort, Mrs. Hanson concluded that more energetic measures were necessary. It so happened that the great toe of that foot selected by the Deputy's lady had been violently sprained but a fortnight before, and was but imperfectly restored. Mrs. Jerkins, in consequence of this, no sooner felt the military heel of her cousin placed suddenly on it with some degree of force, than she acknowledged it by exclaiming in her most powerful tone, which gave her a very fair chance of being heard on the opposite side of the way, —

“O Lord! — I say, what's that for? Who the deuce is that treading on my toes? My poor broken toe 'll never be well no more.”

“I am very sorry,” said Mrs. Hanson, “that I happened to hurt you. I merely

touched your foot to remind you that — that you had forgotten your wine.”

“Now what a rum-one you are! Why I was just helping myself, when you touched me. You’re just, as you always was. I remember you just the same, when your mother lived at —.”

Down went a decanter at this moment. It was doomed to destruction by the Deputy, with a view of checking the course of his relation’s eloquence. And it succeeded. The bustle occasioned by the crash, had the effect of causing Mrs. Jenkins to pause; and the particulars she was about to recount, remained untold; when Mrs. Hanson gave the signal for the ladies to adjourn.

The Deputy reflected, with infinite vexation, that family stock, which he had expected to rise ten per cent., on the credit of Mrs. Jenkins, had declined very considerably that day. But, after a little reflection, he judged that if he

had failed to inspire his guests with respect for his kinsfolks, as he had wished, it was not yet too late to display his own individual importance, gain applause for his talents, and admiration for his liberality.

“Your cousin is a great oddity,” said Sir David Snarl.

“Yes;” replied the Deputy. “The fact is, she is not quite right here (touching his head). She is a little cracked as you must have seen; and this makes the poor lady run on, as you have heard, about things that never existed. But there is an honest, blunt freedom in her language, which I very much admire.”

“Do you, indeed?” said Sir David; and the look which accompanied this short speech, expressed much more than the words themselves.

“Yes,” continued the Deputy, “I do; for freedom of speech is that for which I must ever contend in the fullest meaning of the word; and though it may

sometimes be abused, even what is called licentiousness, is to me delightful. It is this that saves Englishmen from being slaves. It is this that protects our rights, preserves our privileges — and — and,” (here he stammered, but, to round off a period, in what he thought an elegant and impressive manner, a third member was absolutely necessary) — “and vindicates our liberties.”

The Member of Parliament who was present, and who seldom ventured to say more than “Aye” or “No,” thought it much easier to nod assent to this fine speech, than to comment on it.

The Deputy, as he had much more patriotic benevolence behind, was a little disconcerted at receiving no answer; and fearful that the conversation might turn off into some other channel, he thought it well to make use of Henry to prevent such a mishap. He accordingly added,

“Is it not your opinion, Mr. Burleigh,

that freedom of speech is the greatest good we can possess?"

"I certainly think it a privilege of great value; but at the same time, it appears to me in some cases productive of much inconvenience."

"Why, so may every good that Heaven can bestow," and here the Deputy enlarged, for a quarter of an hour, on the ways in which all that was excellent might be perverted; but still extolling liberty of speech, and insisting that even its abuse was to be treated with lenity and respect.

"But," said Henry, to whom Mr. Hanson again looked for a reply, "in proportion as it is valued, the abuse of it ought to be reprobated."

"Why this is ever the cry of the friends of corruption, who, under the flimsy pretence of protecting the right, would annihilate it altogether, and ruin those who are bold and generous enough to stand forth its advocates."

“ The rational objections, which may be urged to unrestrained licence of speech, are as capable of misapplication, as freedom of speech itself is of being perverted. But if I may venture to give my own opinion, I should say, that where freedom of speech degenerates into that scurrility which has lately assailed the Parliament, the sovereign, nay, the constitution itself, it then becomes an evil instead of a good ; — instead of a blessing, a curse.”

Here the Deputy disposed of another oration in favour of free discussion, which he finished, by asserting the just claims of the people to state those grievances strongly, both to the King and the Parliament, for which they felt it necessary to call for redress.

“ Let them state them strongly ; but they ought to remember those distinctions which that society, of which they are members, and to which they owe what are called their rights, has recognised ; and

approach their superiors with respectful deference."

"Deference!" cried the Deputy, warmly; "what deference is due? All men are equal. Nature has made no distinctions."

"But human institutions have; and those who avail themselves of so much of these as goes to sanction their interference at all with the government of the country, have no right to suppose that all but these are to stand for nothing."

"I say," vociferated he, "that such a House of Commons as we have now, — and I know that my honourable friend near me is of the same opinion, — is entitled to no respect. One class of men is as good as another. Unbounded freedom of speech is the inherent right of every Englishman; and a Common-council or Common-hall is as competent to judge of proper language as a Commons House; and I should like to know what you have to say to that, since you are so warm."

“Nay, Sir,” replied Henry, “I have merely to say, that I differ from you.”

Mr. Hanson, while contending for universal freedom of speech, had never meant to bargain for its extending to his table, when he deigned to argue with one whom he considered so vastly his inferior as the friendless Henry Burleigh; and he accordingly answered, with increasing animation —

“I am neither surprised, nor hurt, that a person should differ from me, who denies the Englishman’s right to unrestricted freedom of speech. But, I think, when you talk to me, you might recollect to whom you are speaking, and not use such insulting language.”

“I had no wish to give offence.”

“No? — it seems like it, when you attack a man at his own table, as you have done me; and turn into ridicule every word he says before company.”

“If I have displeased you, or the company, I will immediately retire.”

“I wish you would retire — from my

house altogether. I am not used to be contradicted by those I keep out of charity. You may go, Sir, as soon as you please."

"Very well, Sir; I can have no wish to stay where I am exposed to such treatment."

And with these words, Henry left the apartment.

The Deputy, while thus relieving himself from part of the indignation and rage excited by the conduct of Mrs. Jenkins, kept moving decanters, glasses, and fruit-plates, by nervous snatches, without knowing what he did; but, after Henry had retired, he soon became more composed, and his spirits, though a little depressed by certain awkward recollections, and overhanging apprehensions, were in tolerable order, by the time he and his friends joined the ladies at the tea-table.

Every thing went on very pleasantly till the tea and the coffee; the toast

and the muffins were disposed of, when it was suddenly remarked, that Alexandrina was missing; and it was now remembered, with some degree of surprise, that she had not been seen since the ladies left the gentlemen to their wine.

All enquiries proved of no avail, and it was soon clearly ascertained that she had left the house; and, that several valuables had been made the companions of her flight. The Deputy recalled the readiness with which Henry Burleigh had withdrawn himself after dinner, and this circumstance, he connected with the elopement of Alexandrina. Every vestige of doubt, as well as of hope, was soon removed by the following note, which was discovered in the young lady's dressing room.

“Dear Ma and Pa,

“Do not blame your own Alexandrina for the step which she has taken. I know you will think me rash, and that he whom I have chosen to be my protector through

life, is considered my inferior in rank. But love, you know, regards not the distinctions of the world. So, I hope, that you will soon forgive, and open your kind arms, to receive your ever affectionate daughter, and truly dutiful son-in-law."

"O!" sighed Mrs. Hanson, turning up her eye.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Deputy, turning up his two eyes; and the agonised father sunk into a chair, with an appearance of distress that deeply affected all present. Mrs. Jenkins was particularly shocked, and alarmed, at the situation of her cousin. Expecting to see him swoon the next moment, she snatched a goblet of water which stood on the table, and discharged its contents in the Deputy's face.

The cooler thus supplied was eminently serviceable. It at once revived Mr. Hanson, so far as to make him equal to the exertion requisite to save the elegant

wig which decorated his head, and which had nearly been carried away by the flood; and, this secured, he forgot his tragical dignity so far as to rise and shake his ears, with all convenient expedition.

One other benefit resulted from the medical skill of Mrs. Jenkins. Mrs. Hanson seemed very much in the same way as her husband, and was making rapid advances towards a fit, but warned by the untimely fate of the Deputy, she took excellent care not to faint.

“Why, what’s all this here fuss about?” cried Mrs. Jenkins. “What’s the matter?”

“Matter enough,” returned the Deputy, “I think, since my daughter has run away to marry a beggar.”

“Well, I think he’s a very nice young man, and you’ve not a bit of reason to be ashamed of him for a son-in-law;” remarked Mrs. Jenkins, with an infinity of good-humoured glee.

“Indeed!” replied Mrs. Hanson, “but

you forget that he has not a guinea in the world.”

“Well, what’s that signify, she’s the only chick or child that you need care for, and you can give them money.”

“But don’t you know that this villain’s father——”

“Pooh! don’t tell me about his father. Are you any the worse because your father was a dealer in marine stores, and your mother a washerwoman?”

“I’ll tell you what, Mrs. Jenkins,” roared the Deputy, “if you come here to insult me and my family——”

“Insult your family!”

“What do you mean by speaking of Mrs. Hanson’s father as you did? If you had had common delicacy, you could not have done so.”

“Do you mean to tell me that? If I had said any thing about old Dabout’s going of his own accord to America, that he might not be sent somewhere else

against his will, then, indeed, you might have cried out."

Here Mrs. Clatter, recovering from a hearty, though silent laugh, exclaimed, in reference to what had just fallen from Mrs. Jenkins, —

"Shameful conduct!"

And these words, repeated by the rest of the company, urged the Deputy to say, —

"At least you might have remembered that, for once in your life, you were in good company."

"Fiddle de dum! — Don't tell me. I don't care a halfpenny for your company, nor you neither. I'll let you know I think myself as good as any of you, and don't care a dump for you all."

With these words, Mrs. Jenkins bounced out of the room, and forthwith left the house, pleasing herself with the reflection that, under the circumstances of the case, she had made what every

one must acknowledge to be, a very dignified exit.

This was not the time for the company to enter upon the discussion of the merits of the extraordinary conduct of Mrs. Jenkins. They amused themselves in a more regular way, with a string of reflections on the ingratitude of the lower orders — on the folly of allowing servants to consider themselves at all on a footing with their masters and mistresses; and on the melancholy instances, which every year furnished, of vipers stinging the kind bosoms that nourished them.

All the enquiries that could be made on the instant, produced no satisfactory information as to the manner, or direction, in which the lovers had fled. It was at length moved by Mrs. Clatter, and seconded by Mrs. Snarl, that information of what had taken place should be lodged at the police-offices, with a description of the parties. This resolution was at once carried, *nemine contra-*

dicente ; and the porter being out, Mr. Hanson, accompanied by Sir David, and most of the other gentlemen, immediately proceeded to carry it into effect. The ladies remained with Mrs. Hanson, and cried with her, till the gentlemen returned with news that the officers had already received instructions to pursue the fugitives. The party then took leave, in very melancholy mood, and really sorry, if not for the elopement of Miss Hanson, for the abrupt termination of the day's festivity!

CHAP. IV.

"If you meet a thief, you may suspect him to be no true man: and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty." SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Henry retired from the house of the Deputy he was alone. It was evening, and he walked towards the west end of the town, without having been able to decide what, in the unexpected situation in which he found himself, it would be most prudent to do. His first thought was to return to Richmond; but when he reflected on the distress which his grief and mortification would not fail to add to the sorrows of his mother and sister, he shrunk from encountering them under such circumstances, and resolved to make some effort that might render this unnecessary.

He had no very distinct idea of what he ought to attempt. He shrunk with strong repugnance from encountering the cold look, affected sympathy, and civil rejection, which sad experience had taught him to expect from those who had once known him; and yet, to apply for relief, in the shape of employment, to those who were quite strangers, if less painful, was equally hopeless.

Incapable of adopting any decisive resolution, he continued to walk backwards and forwards in the principal streets of the metropolis, till the evening was far advanced. The shops were nearly all closed, when the strong illumination in one window, with the appearance of a cheerful fire in the back ground, attracted his notice. He approached it, and perceived that it was a "coffee shop." A coffee-shop, and a coffee-house, he supposed to be nearly the same; and, weary of wandering without an object, he entered, and took a seat in a box near the fire.

No other person was there, and, secure from observation, he gave himself up to sad reflection on the past, and anxiously sought in vain to discover some directing star of hope, to guide him through the dreary future.

Thus mentally engaged, it was midnight when he perceived that the seats, which were empty when he went in, had become peopled with wretched-looking beings, such as he had never seen under the same roof with himself before.

A blind man, attended by a little boy, was recounting to a pye-man the particulars of a most unprincipled attack on his just rights and privileges, that had been made by a brother-mendicant, who carried an organ, and who had approached with his music, the spot on which the complainant had been accustomed to ask alms. The pye-man and the beggar voted this to be very dishonest, and both agreed that the times were worse than any that had ever been known before.

A bill-sticker, one of the same party, was of this way of thinking. That things were never so bad, he was quite certain. He had known the time, when he could get twice as much (and more than that) than he could now, and when hardly a week passed without bringing to light some daring robbery or horrid murder, that set all the town alive. Rewards were offered in every direction, and people running to and fro, in such a state of alarm and consternation, that there was plenty for every body to do.

Near this group two shabbily attired females were seated. The elder of the two affectionately anxious for the prosperity of her friend, was kindly instructing her in the best way of making her hands hard, and keeping them so, that she might always pass for a servant who had but just come out of place.

Another party, engaged in conversation, spoke in whispers. From these, several enquiring glances were directed

towards the young stranger, who had evidently become the subject of their conversation.

Henry no sooner found what company surrounded him, than he became anxious to quit the place. He could not do so at the moment, as the mistress of the house, who generally stretched out one hand for the money, before she ventured to deliver the article called for, with the other, had omitted this ceremony in his case, and she was now so much occupied, that he could not immediately obtain her attention. She was not yet at leisure, when a jacobinical song was begun, and this, though it made his situation still more irksome, compelled him to keep his seat, as the impatience of the crew it was intended to entertain, when silence was not observed, made him reluctant to fix their attention on him, by what they would have regarded as an unpardonable breach of good manners.

When the song concluded, a speech

was commenced on the necessity of a radical reform. This was rudely interrupted by the exclamation of—

“None of your political gab here,” from one of the ladies before noticed, who then stood up for a reel. The tune called “The Sprig of Shillelagh,” was extorted from a broken fiddle, the property of the blind man; and a dance was commenced.

All was at length comparatively quiet, and Henry succeeded in finding an opportunity of enquiring what he had to pay. The mistress of the house was recalling the refreshment which he had taken to memory, while, with an economical regard to time which had become habitual, she was fumbling in her pocket for copper to give change, when a whistle at the front of the house, disturbed her calculation, and she flew to the door, to let in another customer.

A police-officer entered, and was received with very respectful looks by the

whole company. He threw a glance round the room, and recognised several ; but when he came to the party who had carried on their conversation in whispers, he was at once accosted as an old friend.

“ Ah ! Mr. Birdlime, how do you do ? ”

“ I hope you’re very well Mr. Fishhook,” replied the officer ; at the same time shaking the person most cordially by the hand.

“ What are you after ? — any thing particular ? or are you only taking account of your live-stock ? ”

“ That’s all,” said Mr. Birdlime. “ I’ve been doing nothing else of late. I never knew things so much at a stand in my life.”

“ But what will you take to drink Mr. Birdlime ? ”

“ Why if I take any thing it must be a drop of brandy and water.”

A glass of brandy and water was immediately ordered by Mr. Fishhook, for the police-officer. It was produced with-

out delay by the landlady of the coffee shop, (the want of a spirit-licence not being thought of by either party,) and paid for by Mr. Fishhook.

Henry at length settled his reckoning. While doing so, he was narrowly observed by the officer, who, putting down his unfinished glass, referred to a paper which he produced from his pocket. He then affected to resume the conversation.

“Why, yes, as I was saying, things are sadly at a stand. I’ve got nothing all the week, but one *easy ten shillings*.”

“How did you manage that?”

“A woman, (she said her husband was killed in the battle of Talavera,) begged my advice at the door of the office. She cried, and said she had nothing to eat; so I gave her two-pence, then walked her before the magistrate, and sent her off to Bridewell as a beggar, and touched the ten shillings on her committal.”

All laughed at this, as a very clever exploit. Henry had by this time passed

to the door, when he was suddenly seized by the officer, with the exclamation —

“ Hold hard ! — You’re not gone yet.”

Henry started with amazement, at finding himself in the grasp of the thief-taker.

“ What do you mean ?”

“ That you’re my prisoner ; that’s all.”

“ Be careful what you do, Sir. Here must be some mistake.”

“ Not a bit of it.”

“ You certainly mistake me for some other person.”

“ Yes, I dare say I do. You’d better persuade me to it. Come, come, you may as well drop it. It’s no use trying to gammon me. Your name’s Henry Burleigh. Here’s the description. It’s all right to a button. You’ve been robbing your master.”

Surprise took from Henry the power of making any reply, and this was quite

sufficient to satisfy the officer of his identity and guilt. The latter proceeded with little delay to search his prize. He found none of the valuables which Mr. Hanson had said were missing; but he deemed it prudent to take charge of what little money Henry happened to have about him, considering that this might be recognised, or made the means of tracing those to whom the property had been sold. He however humanely offered to accommodate his prisoner with a coach to the compter, and for this he only charged half a guinea, (the expence of calling the vehicle included,) which must be considered a remarkable instance of moderation, as Mr. Birdlime had to pay out of his own pocket, no less than eighteen-pence!

CHAP. V.

“ I was not in a humour to relish the climax of expressions, upon which this gentleman valued himself, in all his discourses; but, without any ceremony, took my leave, cursed with every sentiment of horror which my situation could suggest.”

RODERICK RANDOM.

ON the following morning, after a night of sleepless sorrow, Henry was conveyed to the justice-room at the Mansion-house, to be examined on the subject of the robbery with which he had been charged. Before leaving the Compter he had been waited upon by a messenger, who offered, on the part of Mr. Hanson, to drop the proceedings, (out of respect for the memory of the late Mr. Burleigh,) if Henry would consent to tell where Alexandrina was to be found. The answer to this overture need not be stated. It is sufficient to say that it confirmed

the Deputy in his former resolution to let the law take its course.

The Lord Mayor was absent that day, and his friend, who had been the Chief Magistrate the year before, and to whom Henry had been introduced, filled his place. A peer of high rank, whose attachment to good eating and drinking, induced him to grace with his presence, almost every day, the dinners given by the worthy Alderman during his Mayoralty, still adhered to his friend, and was now seated on his right hand. The ex-Lord Mayor was anxious to display his sagacity before his august acquaintance, and the elated simper which played on the nobleman's countenance, spoke him fully prepared to applaud the decisions of this Solomon the Second.

Mr. Hanson preferred his charge, and gave a pathetic description of the misery brought on his family by the unprincipled return, which Henry had made for all his kindness. Henry replied, by asserting

his total ignorance of the flight of Alexandrina, and by a simple recital of those facts, with which the reader is already acquainted.

The worthy Alderman having heard the two statements, desired to know what had been found on the prisoner's person when the officer searched him. Mr. Birdlime exhibited a pocket-book and one or two trifling articles ; but made no mention of the little money that had fallen into his hands.

The Magistrate had enquired what property had been discovered on the prisoner's person, under the idea that some of the missing articles, if discovered in his possession, would at once establish his connection with the elopement of Miss Hanson ; but when it turned out that nothing of the kind could be produced, it at once struck him that this circumstance made more strongly against the accused, than any other could by possibility have done.

He accordingly remarked, that " it

was certainly, perhaps, a most suspicious circumstance, that he (the prisoner) should have none of the property about him, that he was supposed to have carried off; because it naturally led to the conclusion that he had artfully deposited that, together with the young lady, in a place of safety."

This sagacious inference, called forth a smile of perfect unqualified approbation from the Peer.

The Judge then thought fit to advise the supposed culprit to confess where the young lady was concealed, and, as the answer which this called forth was unsatisfactory, he proceeded to bestow a very dignified reproof on the prisoner, at the time lamenting, in the most pathetic language, the hardened mind which this obstinacy evinced. Finally, he spoke as follows:—

"I am sure that, perhaps, certainly I ought to commit you at once for trial. Nothing has certainly been found upon

you, but that is, perhaps, more against you than for you, as it seems to prove that you were cunning enough to conceal what you had purloined, before you were taken. The place, and the company in which you were found, considered, perhaps I ought certainly to commit; but, in the hope that you will think better of the advice I have given you, I shall remand you till Friday."

The nobleman repeated his smirk of approbation, and, till Friday, Henry would certainly have been remanded, had not Mr. Hanson, who was called out of the justice-room at the commencement of the preceding speech, now returned with intelligence, that from information which he had that moment received, it was plain that it was not with the prisoner that Miss Alexandrina had eloped; and he, therefore, made it his request that Henry might forthwith be discharged.

This recommendation was enforced

with great earnestness by the Common-councilman. His anxiety on the occasion, grew not on any feeling of compunction or regret, for the misery and shame to which he had subjected the unfortunate prisoner ; but, it occurred to him, that Henry might bring an action against him for false imprisonment, and he thought it not improbable, that some legal friend of his father might be induced to take his case in hand, where there was so fair a prospect of success.

The worthy Alderman discharged the prisoner ; but not till after he had treated him with a solemn admonition to abstain from the evil paths, in which it was but too plain that he was disposed to tread. He added, “ He could not but lament that the misconduct of so young a man, should have been so great, as to cause him even to be suspected of that which had brought him there, at the instance of the worthy Deputy, who (he could speak from his own observation) had certainly,

perhaps, treated him more like a son than a servant."

"Yes, my Lord!" replied Henry, fired at the imputed ingratitude, "such, indeed, was the conduct of Mr. Hanson, while present prosperity, and the prospect of future wealth, lifted me above the want of his indulgence. But since, overtaken by calamity, I have wanted a friend, he has doomed me to all the suffering that insolent pride could inflict."

"Take him away!" cried the Alderman;" and his reproving glance, with that of the nobleman, replied to the presumption which had dared to repel calumny. Mr. Hanson said nothing; for, besides that he had never been famous even in the Court of Common-council for replies, which cannot be so conveniently written off and got by rote as opening speeches, he was at present too much agitated to think of attempting a display of eloquence. The news which had procured Henry his release, did not prove

to the citizen of a very consoling character, since it only satisfied him that Alexandrina had not gone off with his clerk, to assure him that she had that morning been "united in Hymen's silken bands," (as romance writers and readers genteelly call the trammels of matrimony,) to his porter.

Henry left the justice-room, and descending the steps on the outside of the Mansion-house, encountered Mr. Birdlime. He expected that the money which had been taken from him would now be returned. But as it seemed to have escaped the officer's memory, he ventured to remind him that he had something in his possession which he had no right to retain.

"Why," said Mr. Birdlime, "from the bother you make, a body'd think you had all the money in the world about you, when you were caught. In the first place, there was half-a-guinea for a coach; then there was ten shillings for a bed, five shillings for tea, a shilling for a sheet of paper, sixpence for a pen, and a

guinea for a coach this morning; and after that, I should like to know what there is out of three pounds to pay for my trouble and attention?"

Burleigh was so confounded at hearing these *reasonable* charges enumerated, that he could make no answer. A laugh burst from the police-officer and two or three of his colleagues, at the application; and he retired, in order to escape further ridicule.

The irresolution and painful embarrassment, which had caused him to wander for hours in the streets of the metropolis on the preceding evening, returned. He had previously shrunk from revisiting his mother and sister, and he felt more reluctance than before to make them acquainted with his sufferings now, when, in addition to all the rest, he had been confined for a night in a prison, and carried through the streets of London like a common thief. A friend of his father's, established in Canada, had written since

Henry came from Lord Burleigh's to Mr. Hanson, to know if Mr Burleigh (the news of whose death had not then reached America) could recommend to him a respectable young man of good education, to go out there. The situation described to be vacant, he thought he should like to fill ; but how was he to get there ? He had no money of his own : from his mother he would not receive the sum necessary to pay his passage, as such a charge could not be conveniently met out of her scanty means; and he recollected no other person to whom he could apply for pecuniary aid.

Suddenly it occurred to him, that Sir James Denville had expressed the most eager anxiety to prove himself grateful for the advantages, which he had derived from the professional skill and steadfast friendship of the deceased Mr. Burleigh ; and to the Baronet Henry determined to apply for a small loan, which he doubted

not, on his arrival in America, it would be in his power immediately to repay.

Having made up his mind, he proceeded without loss of time to an hotel at the west end of the town, where Sir James usually put up. Here he was informed that the Baronet was gone on a visit to Stamford-Hill, Stoke Newington; and thither Henry determined to follow him.

It was evening when he found himself at the door of the mansion to which he had been directed. Sir James was within, alone, and at leisure; and on sending in his name, Henry was at once admitted to his presence. He was received most graciously. The Baronet expressed much pleasure at seeing him in good health; and before he had time to say a word on the business that had brought him there, declared that he should at all times be ready to do every thing in his power to serve him.

This opened the way in the most agreeable manner for the application which Henry intended to make. The Baronet heard his recital with the utmost attention and sympathy, and seemed to feel real indignation at the unworthy treatment, which the son of his old friend had received from the Hansons.

All this was in the highest degree favourable; but, when Henry came to make known his plan, and to solicit the loan of forty pounds to enable him to carry it into effect, the Baronet became more serious than before, and evidently felt, that it was one thing to promise that he would do all in his power to serve a friend, and another to lend that friend forty pounds.

Henry saw Sir James produce a pocket-book, and was in hopes that he was about to take from it the sum for which he had applied; but, instead of this, the Baronet opened it but to refer him to certain

items of expenditure, which it contained, all of which, he had to settle in the course of the next fortnight, and that required a total sum exceeding any thing at his command, by not less than two hundred pounds.

Henry then preferred a request for half the amount which he had in the first instance asked, and ventured to remark, that he should hope the additional pressure of so small a sum, would hardly be felt among the larger claims on the Baronet's property.

"Aye, my dear friend," replied Sir James, "that is what every one would suggest; but, really, these small sums are of great importance, and if I were to answer every small claim, upon my honour, I should not have a guinea left for myself. To be sure, lending to you, I need not do as much for others; but every body else says the same thing."

A loud knock was heard as he commenced this speech, and it was hardly

finished, when the door of the room burst open, and a man of rather mean appearance entered. He was about sixty years of age; an air of careless jollity sat on his countenance, and he did not think ceremony or circumlocution at all necessary, while addressing a baronet. Advancing with a confident air, he soon made his errand known, by rudely accosting the man of title in these words:

“I say, I want a hundred.”

Sir James appeared at once abashed and incensed; but the rage which glistened in his eye, and quivered on his lips, was not committed to his tongue. He merely replied, in a tone of displeasure,

“You are always wanting something.”

“You are undutiful enough to say so. But come — the cash.”

“I have none at present.”

“Then borrow some.”

“Can you not call in the morning?”

“To be told that you are gone? Not I indeed. Do you think that I am going

to be put off like one of your trades-people? No, no ; that will never do. The money, the money."

"Well, Mr. Burleigh," said Sir James, apparently anxious to be relieved from the presence of a witness to this singular scene, "have you any thing more to say to me."

The tone and manner which accompanied these words, very distinctly intimated, that the absence of the person to whom they were addressed, would be agreeable. Henry could not affect to misunderstand them, and accordingly answered,

"Nothing, Sir James." At the same time rising to take his leave.

The Baronet attended him to the door, remarking in a low tone, that he had now had an opportunity of seeing how pressing his creditors were.

"Come, make haste, do," the voice within called out ; and Henry, filled with

surprise at the conduct of the man he had seen, found himself hastily dismissed with expressions of regret, and promises of future friendship, but without any present relief.

CHAP. VI.

“ 'Twas, as the watchmen say, a cloudy night ;
No moon, no stars, the wind was low or loud
By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was bright :
With the piled wood, round which the family crowd.”
LORD BYRON.

STUNG to the heart by his recent disappointment, and pondering on the unaccountable conduct of the individual he had left with Sir James Denville, Henry now sadly retraced his steps, or attempted to do so. From Islington he had passed through fields to Stamford-Hill, and he proposed to return by the same route ; but it was not of importance whither he directed his steps, as no friendly house was open to receive him ; and being literally pennyless, he could not seek accommodation at any inn or public-house, which he might find in his way. It was, therefore, to him a matter of small con-

cern, to know that he had somewhat deviated from the track, which he had thought of pursuing, as he made up his mind to wander all night, and if no other source of relief should suggest itself, to enlist at the first recruiting-station, which he could find in the morning.

Chance conducted him to a field in which several stacks or clamps of newly made bricks had been raised, into the centre of which fire had been introduced, which was now seen, burning more or less fierce in all of them. In some it was scarcely perceptible, in others it had made its way to the exterior of the erections, and a vivid glare within was surmounted by small flickering spiral columns of blue flame, of exquisite brightness without. Henry had fasted since the morning, but the agitation of his mind had prevented him from feeling any inconvenience, through want of food. The cold and damp of the night had chilled him, as, advancing

without an object, his pace had been unusually slow, and that warmth which exercise is calculated to give and to sustain, was wanting to his care-worn frame. He therefore approached one of the burning masses, and felt, in the heat which proceeded from it, something that reminded him of comfort.

While still courting the wretched solace thus afforded, and calculating on the many miserable hours which had to elapse, before the return of day would enable him to determine on any thing, or at least to carry any determination into effect, he shrunk from the idea of quitting the spot on which he then found himself, to walk the dreary streets of the metropolis. He was disposed to lie down, when he perceived on one of the clamps, which seemed to have been but recently lighted, a large quantity of straw in trusses. It struck him that the moderate heat, which the newly kindled fire would supply at the top of the mass,

together with the straw, would furnish a much better resting-place than the ground, and there he decided to take up his lodging for the night.

With some difficulty he ascended the selected pile, by displacing several of the bricks to give him foot-hold. Having reached the top, he removed some of the bundles of straw, insinuated his person under others, and having given one truss superior elevation to make it serve for a pillow, he laid himself down, and listened with melancholy interest, to the faint and distant murmur that seemed to rise from the metropolis, to the barking of the watchful dogs in the surrounding villages, and to the crowing of a cock at no great distance ; a sound, which, he remembered to have heard, was a certain omen of death to some one of those who listened to it, when it announced the approach of midnight instead of the return of day.

The noises which, from the silence that prevailed in his immediate vicinity, caught

his attention, when he first threw himself on his cheerless bed, were too remote to disturb or to intrude long on his mind. All seemed to harmonise in one drowsy hum, to lull his harassed senses to forgetfulness. He was just sinking to sleep, when he started, and thought that he heard approaching steps. But, as on listening he heard no more, he considered it an illusion, and the next moment his eyes were closed in slumber.

He had rested several hours, when the truss of straw which served for his pillow, not having been very carefully deposited on that which had sustained it, rolled off; and the sudden alteration of his position made him awake. The unusual situation in which he found himself, made him start up in wild surprise. The darkness which had prevailed was hardly broken by the first peep of the morning. A faint, sulphureous, disagreeable smell, invaded his nostrils; he perceived that the fire had greatly in-

creased while he slept, and the difficulty with which he drew his breath, did not fail to suggest to him that had he not been disturbed by the accident just mentioned, it was more than probable that he should have been disturbed no more.

Having disengaged himself from the straw, he was about to advance to the edge of the clamp, when he observed, within two or three feet of the spot on which he had reposed, and immediately over the fiercest part of the growing fire, something black. He touched it with his foot, and perceived that it was a man's hat, and saw, almost close to it, a human being extended at full length, apparently asleep. He drew near the sleeper, and from a faint noise in his throat, he suspected that he was at that moment about to expire from suffocation.

Henry hastily snatched the wretched man from the place to which his body seemed to have attracted the strongest fire, and endeavoured to rouse him to a sense of

his danger ; but a death-like stupor had fallen on him, and not the slightest symptom of returning reason answered to his cares. Conveyed to the edge of the bricks, his respiration became less interrupted ; but, the fire seemed to pursue. Henry found himself extremely embarrassed. He had no means of lowering his charge gradually to the ground ; if he suffered the poor man to remain where he lay, death was inevitable ; and, if he threw him off, the wretched being must, in all human probability, be killed by the fall.

While thus pausing, he perceived some one draw near. A voice accosted him.

“ What, are you there, Moulder ? ”

Henry did not understand the salutation ; but it afforded him satisfaction to find that assistance was at hand ; and he replied,

“ I am not the person you suppose ; but here is a poor man in a dying state, whom I wish you would assist me to remove.”

The brick-maker to whom this reply was given, started, equally surprised at the unknown voice which had answered him, and the intelligence which it conveyed. It was still so dark, that he could only discover the figure of a man on the bricks, whom, in the first instance, he had mistaken for one of his fellow-labourers in the fields. Admonished to use expedition, he soon procured a small ladder, which had been used in erecting the clamp, and the sufferer was lowered to the ground without sustaining any additional injury or pain. The patient was recognised by the labourer to be one of his companions in toil on the preceding day, and the liveliest sorrow was expressed for his present condition. They lifted the sick man to a little frail erection, covered-in with reeds, but open on three sides to the winds, in which he had been engaged in making bricks on the preceding day. The covering just mentioned, was provided merely to save the Brick-

makers from the heat of the sun. The moulds and other articles used in the exercise of their industry, were of such small value, that they could be left thus exposed through the night without fear of robbers; and large masses of clay in different stages of preparation, mixed with heaps of sand, filled up the space beneath, and made it a task of some difficulty to clear a resting place for the sufferer. The brick-maker proposed to convey him to the dwelling of his brother, distant about half a mile. In this undertaking Burleigh offered to co-operate; a board was procured, on which the poor fellow was placed, and another person, who knew him, having arrived, and tendered assistance, he was soon carried to the abode of his relation.

The hovel at which they stopped, contained but one room. The entrance was defended by a horse-shoe nailed to the sill of the door, and the era of the erection of this edifice was commemorated by

small pebbles inserted in the clayey plaster over the little casement, so as to form the figures 1789. Within, the joyous voices of children were heard, and two ragged little boys and a girl without shoes and stockings, answered the labourer's knock. Their father was just going forth to the labour of the day, and his wife was occupied in pinning up some bread and cheese in a coarse cloth to be carried with him. They were shocked at perceiving the situation of their brother, whom they supposed to be on the point of expiring; and the good woman having inveighed against the folly of sleeping on clamps or brick-kilns, by which so many had lost their lives, left the hut to seek for some one to pray by the unconscious and apparently dying man.

It appeared that the individual, who had been Henry's bed fellow, was a very industrious character, and was accustomed to gain very considerably by his earnings as a *moulder*, during the brick-making

season ; but being unfortunately addicted to liquor, it frequently happened that he kept out till it became too late to go to his home, and on such occasions he was accustomed to sleep on the bricks, that he might be ready to resume his toil in the morning, the moment his assistants arrived.

Three low chairs; a small round table, a stump bedstead, and its appurtenances, formed the furniture of the cabin. The patient was laid on the bed, and Henry thought that he perceived some improvement in his breathing. His assistance was no longer necessary, and as his presence could not be wanted where there was so little room to spare, he was about to leave the hut, when the mistress of it returned, having accomplished the object of her errand, by procuring the assistance of the person she had sought to afford religious comfort to her relation. Henry turned away on perceiving that she was accompanied by Kendall, who, now enter-

ing the cottage, addressed to the friends of the sick man the language of soothing kindness, and after a few moments, a solemn, appropriate, and affecting prayer was heard to ascend from the side of the couch, for the sufferer's recovery here, and for his happiness hereafter. Henry was struck by the expressive energy which devotion and charity supplied to an uneducated mechanic, and blushed while he compared the situation in which he now found himself, with that in which he stood, when he last saw Mr. Kendall. Then, he turned from a good man engaged in an act of charity, because he wished not to offend the pride of Mr. Hanson ; now, he concealed his face from shame, lest the melancholy reverse in his own fortunes, should move the pity of the individual whom he had blushed for having known.

The first wish of those who had sent for him complied with, Mr. Kendall directed the brother to go to a medical man in his name. Conversing on the subject of the

accident, mention was made of the gentleman who, sleeping in the same place, had been the first to discover the sufferer. Henry was referred to, and Kendall perceived in a moment that it was the son of the late Mr. Burleigh.

Great indeed was the surprise of Mr. Kendall, at finding Henry in such company, and at learning where he had sought a lodging on the preceding night. But he refrained from the expression of his sorrow till they had left the hovel. Then his pressing solicitations gained from Henry a recital of the misfortunes he had known since the death of his father; and of the circumstances which had produced their present meeting.

Compelled to accompany Mr. Kendall to his home at Islington, Henry there found the rest and refreshment, of which he stood so much in need. In the course of the morning, Mr. Kendall, on hearing what had occurred to his guest, with

respect to Canada, expressed a hope that it might not be necessary for him to go so far from his native land, as within a few days from the time at which he was speaking, an application had been made, to a gentleman of his acquaintance, from Hamburgh, for a young Englishman of character, to fill an important situation in a banking-house, and he had reason to hope that it was not yet filled up. On this subject he promised to make enquiries that afternoon.

At one o'clock the dinner-cloth was spread. Comfort and cleanliness prevailed; but there was no affectation of splendour, and no attempt at luxury. One plain joint smoked on the table, and one mug of home-brewed malt-liquor was its companion. Mrs. Kendall and her daughters joined with their husband and father, to

“Press the bashful stranger to his food;”

and content threw a charm over their

simple and frugal repast, which is often wanting at the most sumptuous banquet that pomp and profusion can supply. No wine, no dessert followed; but a devout expression of thankfulness to Heaven for the refecton enjoyed closed the scene, and Kendall applied himself to his business; while Henry, admiring the happy humility of his lot, saw with pleasure that wealth and grandeur were not necessary to happiness, and in secret wished that his destiny had been like that of his benevolent friend.

It was four in the afternoon, when Mr. Kendall closed his toil for the day, and went to seek information on the subject of the situation which he had hopes of obtaining for Henry. Cheered by the prospect which had thus unexpectedly opened, the latter felt half-disposed to carry the news to his mother and sister. But, anxious first to learn the result of Mr. Kendall's friendly effort, and the distance from Islington to Richmond

being considerable, he was induced to abandon the idea for that night, and he made up his mind to avail himself of Mr. Kendall's offer of a bed.

Mr. Kendall did not return so soon as he had been expected. When he found that it was past one in the morning, Henry felt some uneasiness, and was astonished to find that Mrs. Kendall and her daughters, who continued to sit up for him, experienced no alarm. The wife said he was frequently employed by benevolent persons, to be the bearer of their benefactions to those who were in distress ; and performing this duty, he often walked so far that it was late before he could return. While she was speaking, the clock struck two, and Mr. Kendall knocked at the door.

" Well, my young friend," said he to Henry, who had hastened to let him in, " I have succeeded." Tears of rapture bounded from his benevolent heart to his eyes, while he spoke, and the ecstatic

glow with which he added, "The situation is yours," spoke his transport, great as it was pure, and the worthy reward of the virtue from which it sprung.

Henry remembered how Lord Burleigh had announced what he called success; and the contrast between his manner, and that of Mr. Kendall, so far overpowered him, that he could only reply by pressing the kind hand of his friend to his grateful bosom.

When a little more composed, Henry added, to the expression of his thanks, that of his determination to go to Richmond in the course of the morning.

"Do so," said Mr. Kendall; "your honoured mother and sister will be rejoiced to see you, I can tell you that, young gentleman."

"I cannot doubt it Sir; and I am impatient to make them acquainted with the pleasing tidings which you have brought."

"About that you need give yourself no concern, for they already know all."

"Sir?"

"Aware that you would be anxious to communicate agreeable intelligence, with the least possible loss of time, when I was at Knightsbridge, and had settled it, I thought I might as well go on to Richmond, and break the matter to them myself."

Henry gazed on Mr. Kendall with unspeakable surprise. That an aged man, on whose head the accumulating snows of time recorded the lapse of nearly threescore and ten years, should, in a cause not his own, have performed a journey, from which the person he had toiled to serve, in all the vigour of youth, had shrunk, on account of the distance, was what he could scarcely credit, yet, since it was asserted by Mr. Kendall, it would have been ingratitude, as well as folly, to doubt.

The good old man then proceeded to account for his delay. This was in part

occasioned by the kind reception which awaited him at Richmond. Before entering on his journey, he had thought it necessary to enquire after the poor fellow saved from perishing in the morning; and, with great exultation, Mr. Kendall now announced that he was likely to recover. He then detailed with rational gaiety, the little accidents he had met with on the road, the opportunities which had offered for bestowing a word of admonition on those who needed it, and the thoughts inspired by the objects he had seen. These, poured forth with an interesting simplicity, breathed a calm over the mind of his guest, to which Henry had been long a stranger; and the joy with which Kendall's return was welcomed by his family, made the whole scene to him equally novel and delightful. Animated by generous joy, the benevolent tradesman was insensible to the fatigue inseparable from the exertion he had made, which would have

exhausted many a younger man, and another hour passed in cheerful conversation, when the parting prayer dismissed all to repose.

CHAP. VII.

CHAP. VII.

“ ————— Turning quick,
His rising ire he seemed to check ;
And his proud front, unused to blush,
Was tinged with momentary flush.

PHILIBERT.

THOUGH grieved that Henry was about to leave England, Mrs. Burleigh and Harriet were consoled to learn that a refuge, even on such terms, could be found, from insults like those which he had experienced from Lord Burleigh and Mr. Hanson. The injurious manner in which the late proceedings at the Mansion-house had been stated, in some of the newspapers, gave rise to a fear that they might produce an unfavourable impression, which Henry, from the difficulty of furnishing satisfactory explanations in a foreign country, might find it no easy task to remove. It was, therefore,

thought advisable that he should not let it be known that his name was Burleigh, (to which, for more reasons than one, he was reluctant to draw attention,) and that Henry should serve both for his Christian and surname. Mr. Kendall saw no objection to this, and it was finally determined upon.

He was obliged, without delay, to take leave of his mother and sister, and proceed to Harwich; whence he was to embark for Heligoland. His passage was paid for, and a small sum advanced to cover his other expenses, on account of the concern in which he was to be employed. This was sufficient to meet his wishes, and he refused to receive a further supply, which the kindness of Kendall earnestly pressed on him at parting.

Arrived at Harwich, he passed on board the vessel in which he was to sail, and, after a brief delay, found himself

borne before a favouring breeze, from the shores of England.

There were but few passengers on board ; most of them seemed acquainted with each other, and were too much occupied with conversation on their own affairs, to make any call on the attention of Henry ; but one person seemed, like himself, wholly unknown, and sat apart in solemn silence. This man was of tall stature, martial air, and noble deportment. He was far advanced in years, but his hair, though somewhat thinned by age, had sustained little or no change in colour, and its dark hue gave additional expression to his bold and commanding features. His half-closed eyes tranquilly reposed beneath their prominent and overshadowing arches ; but, the instant his attention was attracted, their rays fell on the object that interrupted his reverie, with a penetrating, all-searching power, that seemed to detect the most hidden thoughts, and baffle all attempt at con-

cealment. At least, such was Henry's feeling while the glance of the stranger was directed for a moment to him; and, he had no doubt, that the unknown, distinctly read the subject of his thoughts, and read of himself.

They were seated on different sides of the cabin, and immediately opposite to each other, (a little apart from the knot of friends who still continued their conversation,) and Henry felt no disposition to interrupt that silence which his neighbour had determined to maintain.

The stranger was an invalid. A large bandage appeared on his right leg, and a pair of new crutches, one of which was bestowed by his side on the seat, whilst the other occasionally sustained his head, seemed, at once, to indicate that the affliction under which he laboured, was such as to make him a cripple; and, to prove that whatever it might be, it was of recent origin.

Silence was maintained on both sides,

for several hours. The stranger, for the most part absorbed in melancholy musings, occasionally looked round, as if anxious to enquire whether any peculiarity in his manner had attracted the notice of his fellow-passengers.

He drew some small object from his waistcoat, and gazed on it with an air of bitter sorrow. A deep sigh burst involuntarily from him. He started, apparently much disconcerted by the accident; and, as if he feared longer to indulge in the mournful luxury, he endeavoured hastily to put away what had thus affected him, when a sudden heave of the ship caused his crutch to fall from the seat, and starting to save it, the object of his peculiar attention escaped from his hand, and rolled on the cabin floor. He attempted to spring after it, but the pain which the unassisted effort produced, obliged him to pause and steady himself with the crutch which he retained. Henry immediately picked up

the small case which had been dropped, and what was his surprise, when looking at it, as he held it open in his hand, he recognised the portrait of his own mother — a portrait, which, in other days, he had well known, and which had been highly valued by his deceased father.

In the surprise of the moment, Henry gazed on the image, forgetful that the stranger to whom it belonged, expected him to return it, when the latter, in a reproachful tone, for the first time broke silence since their departure from England, with this enquiry :

“ Is it your intention to restore the bauble to its owner, or do you propose to keep it ? ”

“ I beg your pardon, Sir,” said Henry, handing it to him, “ but there was something to me, so peculiarly interesting in the features which it disclosed, that I could not help trespassing on your patience for a few moments.”

No answer was returned, the portrait was sullenly received, and, after bestowing more than one inquisitive glance on Henry, the unknown gave himself up to his former abstraction.

At first it was to Henry an enigma how the stranger could have become possessed of this valued trifle. But the solution was too easily supplied. It was not difficult to conceive that it might have been purchased at the sale of his father's property; and the extraordinary attention which it claimed from his fellow passenger, alone remained inexplicable.

After a voyage of two days, the lighthouse and church of Heligoland were seen, and in a few hours they approached the island. The ship became entangled among the rocks, and some boats put off to their assistance. The men demanded a guinea from each passenger, as the price of being put on shore.

“What!” said the invalid, who now

appeared with his crutches on the deck, "do you think the Captain has brought over a cargo of fools, that you demand such an exorbitant price, for being rowed so short a distance."

"Why, as to that, Mr. Brinkman," replied one of the boatmen, who spoke English, "a guinea is not so much, when it may save your life. If the packet stops where she is all night, and the wind rises, she'll go to pieces before morning."

"Better be swallowed by the ocean, than devoured by such sharks as you," returned Brinkman; and with these words, he seated himself on the edge of a small boat that lay on the deck near him, and seemed to have no intention of renewing the negociation.

The other passengers appealed to the master of the vessel, if there existed the danger which had been described, and he having an understanding with the boatmen, put on a very solemn face, and said, if the wind were to rise, their situ-

ation would be perilous in the extreme. He, for his own part, was not apprehensive of any immediate danger, but it was all uncertain. The Leander had been dashed to pieces, and every soul on board perished. Then there was, within his recollection, the Betsy, and the Bellerophon, and the Charles, from New York, who had all nearly met with the same fate on that very spot."

"But all," said Brinkman, with a sneer, "that you remember, very narrowly escaped. There is then some excuse for believing, that we may do the same, if we disappoint these plunderers. In a few hours there will be plenty of water, and I have no doubt of our being able to get in, without their help; so, with your kind permission, I shall wait for the return of the tide."

All present adopted the same resolution, to the no small disappointment of the master, and his accomplices, in the meditated robbery, who in vain enlarged

on the risk, and inconvenience, to which the party would expose themselves by obstinately adhering to the determination which they had taken.

The master soon grew tired of the company of his guests; and anxious to get rid of them at any rate, he with great indignation condemned the rapacity of the boatmen, in terms, which it is not necessary minutely to describe, and gave it as his opinion, that half what they had asked, would be a sufficient remuneration.

This was pronounced to be a great deal too much. The master at length passed the signal to the fellows, who continued to ply round the ship, and it was proposed, after some time, the tide being fast coming in, to take the whole of the passengers ashore for one guinea. This was closed with, and in a few minutes all were safely landed on the beach.

The passengers made for the town with the least possible delay. Henry followed the example set by the majority of them,

and advanced with some rapidity, when, happening to look back, he perceived that Brinkman was far behind, and had halted, apparently unable to proceed. He immediately returned, and enquired if he had met with any accident. The answer was briefly,

“No.”

“Are you in pain, Sir?”

“Yes; and I am weak enough to writhe under it, though I know it is the doom of man, and ought to be borne with fortitude.”

“Can I assist you, Sir?”

“Why should *you*, more than the rest of my late companions. Pursue your course, and let me be left like a ‘stricken deer’ to myself.”

“But,” said Henry, “it would afford me pleasure to assist you. You are not expert with your crutches. Lean on me till you can reach a place where you may find better accommodation.”

“You are a foolish young man,” replied Brinkman, “to encumber your-

self with the ills of others. Acting thus, you sacrifice the little ease allotted to you. When you are in my situation, you will find no one to do the same by you."

"Then it will afford me consolation to know that I have not merited the neglect which I may deplore, and to feel that the desertion which afflicts me, is a misfortune, but not a judgment."

Brinkman had begun to recline on Henry; but, as the last word struck on his ear, he rejected his proffered aid, with an air of stern resolution, while he exclaimed,

"Away, away! — such relief is not for me. — Away."

And Henry, repelled, even with some degree of force, saw the invalid advance alone, and resolutely persevere in labouring his way up the beach, till he reached the lower town. Thence, as if determined to show himself no mercy, he immediately began to ascend the broad

wooden steps that lead to the upper town. Henry at first waited for him ; but receiving no encouragement to continue to do so, and discovering, as he thought, an expression of chagrin in the countenance of his late companion, at finding that he had a spectator of his pain and weakness, he ceased to look on Brinkman, and went forward alone. He ascended but slowly, that he might not get out of hearing, if, on reflection, the invalid should think proper to require his aid ; but leisurely as he proceeded, when he gained the top, he found that he had left his new acquaintance far behind.

It was Sunday ; and Henry, impelled by curiosity as well by a more exalted motive, directed his steps towards the church. When he reached the door, he was met by the retiring congregation ; which satisfied him that the service was concluded. The females wore chaplets of artificial flowers on their heads, and those who had been to receive the sacra-

ment, were attired in black. The fantastic gaiety of their appearance forcibly arrested his attention; and he viewed the whole scene with considerable interest. When they had all passed, he perceived the soldiers of the garrison pouring into the edifice which he had intended to visit, and had the satisfaction of hearing that the church-service was about to be performed in English. On receiving this intelligence, he entered with them, and remained there till this second congregation was dismissed.

After taking some refreshment, he began to enquire for the means of passing to Cuxhaven. He was informed, that for several days, the prevalence of southeasterly winds had brought boats from the Elbe to Heligoland; but had precluded all return. A change had now taken place, and a mail was to start that afternoon, at three o'clock. Congratulating himself on his good fortune, he occupied the little time that remained to

him, in walking and examining those objects which usually attract the notice of the traveller.

Leaving the narrow alleys, which are called streets, he passed to the southern end of the island, admiring the romantic beauties of the cliffs, and the grotesque masses detached from them. These present an irregular range of enormous columns, which, at high-water, are surrounded by the waves of the sea. Pursuing his solitary walk, he had approached the edge of the cliff, but was still so distant from it, that he felt not the slightest apprehension of danger, when a voice called to him, in an authoritative tone,

“Retire — get further off.”

He turned, and perceived Brinkman near him; who, finding that his words were not attended to, now called out with increasing energy.

“Withdraw — come away — stand back, I say.”

Henry obeyed the seemingly unnecessary mandate, and approached the speaker; and while he was doing so, the ground gave way on which he had stood, and assured him, that a very few moments' delay would have precipitated him to the beach.

"Inevitable death had been my lot, but for your kind interference," said Henry, advancing to the invalid, and thanking him for his caution.

"I knew," Brinkman replied, "that you stood on shaken ground. The red and blue argillaceous earths, which, mixed with sand-stone strata, form these cliffs, are rapidly melting. You cannot walk round the island without being struck by the rapidity with which the decomposition proceeds; nor can you pause for ten minutes, without receiving some evidence that this island is crumbling away, and likely, before many generations shall have succeeded ours, to be known no more, but as a sand-bank.

“ Indeed ! ”

“ ’Tis certain ! And why should it not be so ? Why should the earth on which man treads, and of which he is compounded, be less frail than he ? Less frail it undoubtedly is : but why should he be surprised to find that it is not imperishable ? To us it matters but little. The insect, that is born and dies of old age in one day, ought not to disturb himself with speculations on the probable shortness of the summer.”

CHAP. VIII.

“But wasting cares lay heavy on his mind :
In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.”

POPE.

BRINKMAN proposed to leave Heligoland by the same vessel in which Henry was going, and it was nearly time to proceed to the boat. On the way, the females who had been to church in the morning, some of whom had taken the sacrament, were now seen crowned with the same flowers which they had worn on that occasion; preparing to dance in the open air.

“What ! ” said Henry, “can those who made such a show of devotion a few hours ago, fill up the latter part of their Sabbath in this way ?”

The invalid replied, —

“ We ought not to expect consistency in human beings. But, for my part, I see nothing particularly wrong in all this. Sulky gravity is not religion; and I do not know that playful mirth ought to be viewed as hostile to it. To us, from our English habits, there appears something at variance with decorum in what we now observe; but dances in the earlier ages of the world were used as religious exercises. It has been supposed by some of the learned, that every psalm had once a dance connected with it, which was thought as essential as the voice of the singer, to give proper effect to the devotional exercises of which it formed a part.”

“ But this consideration has, I fancy, little connection with what we observe. The flower-crowned ladies before us, think of amusement more than religion.”

“ No doubt. Well, after all, I think it preferable to some exercises, that have gained those by whom they were prac-

tised, great fame for sanctity. St. Dominic the Curassier used to flog himself, to psalm-tunes all day. These girls will do much better, to dance through the Psalter. I think we may venture to conclude, that Heaven will behold, with as much approving pleasure, the joyous boundings of its creatures, as the protracted tortures so uselessly inflicted."

They had little time for further reflection. A boat was just putting off, and in this they embarked for the Elbe. Both wind and tide proved favourable, and at about half past nine they found themselves in the harbour of Cuxhaven.

Since they left Heligoland, Brinkman had hardly spoken once. He seemed wholly absorbed in his own reflections, and those were not of a very pleasing nature; as the frequent but unconsciously breathed sigh sufficiently attested.

When they landed, Henry again offered his services, and they were no longer refused. Brinkman enquired of his compa-

nion if he had ever been there before. Of course he was answered in the negative.

“Then, if you can trust to me, you had better allow me to be your guide. I shall go to Ritzebuttel, a village but a short distance from this spot, where I know I shall find a quiet house.”

Henry gladly availed himself of this offer, and accompanied Brinkman through a long narrow causeway, at the end of which was the village he had mentioned. The night was dark, and the path so rugged as to put the invalid to some inconvenience; but he resolutely advanced and exulted not a little when arrived at Ritzebuttel, in the prospect of enjoying rest.

But the inn to which he directed his steps was not so quiet as he expected it would prove. Some reverses reported to have been experienced by the French about that period, had filled all hearts with joy, and a fidler and a harper were

assisting some of the inhabitants to express their happiness on the occasion; and the intervals during which the performances of the musicians were suspended, a ragged fellow took upon himself to fill up with a recitation, or chaunt, on the subject of the disasters which had befallen the armies of Bonaparte.

Fiddling, smoking, drinking, and singing, occupied the party till midnight. It was not till after it had broken up, that Henry and his companion could be accommodated with beds. The room was at length cleared, and two small bedsteads concealed at one end of it, were let down for the new-comers, and both prepared for rest.

The apartment was much heated by the company and the lights which it had contained. The fumes of tobacco still filled it, and these, added to his being unaccustomed to the German fashion of lying on one bed, and using another in lieu of bed-clothes, made it impossible for Henry at

once to compose himself to sleep. The invalid, to whom such inconveniences were familiar, and who seemed much exhausted by pain and by fatigue, was more fortunate, and soon found the repose he sought.

Henry had continued awake for more than an hour, and sleep which had at first fled from his pillow, was just about to close his eyes, when a deep groan from his companion dispelled in a moment the drowsiness which had fallen on him.

“Are you not well, Sir?” he enquired, addressing Brinkman.

No answer was returned; and he was satisfied that his companion slept. The sound which he had heard was most likely the offspring of a troublesome dream, and he therefore considered it unworthy of further thought.

Again he was about to sleep, when the sound was repeated. It disturbed him, but he continued silent. He perceived the invalid moving in his bed, which was

close by the side of that on which he was lying. Henry accosted him as he had done before. Brinkman made no reply : but turning suddenly on his companion, seized him violently by the shoulder, with one hand, while raising the other, he exclaimed, —

“ Now, villain, there is no escape : — die ! ”

Henry started ; but could not for a moment break from the giant grasp of Brinkman. He exerted himself with the energy of desperation and succeeded.

“ What — what is the matter ? ” enquired Brinkman in great agitation.

“ That I should rather demand of you, ” returned Henry ; “ since you seized me with violence but a moment ago, and menaced me with death. ”

“ Is it possible ? ” He then asked, in a tone that indicated extreme anxiety and surprise, “ What did I say ? Did I say any thing about — I mean did I mention the name of — Psha ! I am yet but half awake : I mean to say, I was dreaming

that I had been robbed, and almost murdered, and that I had just overtaken the wretch who had first despoiled, and then attempted to destroy me.”

“It was a fearful dream.”

“Dreadful, but what did I say?—Did I say any thing that seemed strange?”

“Nothing but what might be expected, under the impression which you have described.”

“I merely asked the question,” said Brinkman “because — because — (here he seemed to labour under some embarrassment), “I have sometimes talked in my sleep the most amusing nonsense, and uttered things that have created no small surprise in those who heard them. — I am sorry that my somnambulism has disturbed you; but think I can promise that your rest shall not be thus interrupted again.”

Henry had no doubt that Brinkman had truly explained the cause of that, which had broken in upon his repose; and

calmly laid his head down once more. He soon fell into a refreshing sleep, from which he did not awake till it was time to rise. He perceived that the adjoining bed was empty, and he saw Brinkman sitting in a chair, his arms folded, and his whole appearance such as when he had first seen him. When Henry moved, his new friend started from the reverie in which he had indulged, again expressed regret for the involuntary sin, which he had committed against the repose of his companion, and added, that, to guard more effectually against a repetition of it, he had risen as soon as he perceived that Henry slept, and occupied himself, so as to keep awake till that moment. Burleigh was really sorry that anxiety on his account, should have induced the invalid to subject himself to such an inconvenience; but the latter affected to make very light of the matter, and hastened to change the subject of conversation.

For twenty-five marks, the master of a boat going to Hamburg, agreed to take Brinkman and Henry to that city. Be-calmed on the passage, and exposed to other delays, then, necessarily attendant on a voyage up the Elbe, it was not till the morning of the second day after their departure from Ritzenbittel, that they gained the place of their destination. During the voyage, Brinkman, exhausted by the fatigue which he had sustained, sunk into a profound slumber, which lasted many hours. On awaking, he asked with great anxiety if he had again talked in his sleep, and when answered in the negative, he said he was induced to make the enquiry, as he had been tormented with a recurrence of the dream, by which he had been so unusually agitated, at the village where he last sought repose.

Henry accompanied him to an hotel in Hamburg ; and here Brinkman found his daughter and her governess whom he had

directed to join him at that place. They all breakfasted together. The daughter was delighted to see her father again, after an absence of many months, and Brinkman, in the joy of regaining his child, forgot, for a time, the solemn austerity of manner by which he had been previously distinguished.

To Burleigh the re-union was highly interesting ; tears filled his eyes, while he gazed on the blissful scene. He remembered how he had looked forward, to act a part in one of a similar character, gaily anticipating the benign smile of a father, from whom he had been separated, for what he considered a long period, and all the recollected agonies which followed, pressed heavy on his mind.

“ Well, my dear father,” said the young lady, “ I ought to be very sorry for your misfortunes, and very much grieved to see you return on crutches ; but, I am so happy to behold you, on

any terms, that I cannot make a display of sensibility, and I am almost tempted to exult in your lameness, because it will throw an impediment in the way of your wanderings for some time to come, and compel you to remain with me."

"O! Louisa, yours is the happy age. You can view every thing with the eye of hope, and, like the bee that gains honey from the most worthless plants, yours is the privilege to extract felicity from the very woes of life. But alas!" —

"Stop, stop, Sir, — 'But alas!' is a bad beginning of a new sentence. I must be so undutiful as to rebel against my father, when I see him about to mar present joy, by anticipations of future sorrow."

A charming sprightliness illumined a beautiful countenance, on which the tear of filial rapture beamed with unclouded splendour; and Henry, while he gazed on her flowing ringlets, and sylph-like form, thought he saw united all

the charms, and graces, with which painters have delighted to invest celestial beings. From her, his eyes wandered to Brinkman, and remarked with surprise the solemn gloom, which had clouded his brow at the time of their leaving England. He yielded to the instances of his daughter, and abstained from uttering what he had been about to say ; but the mirth which she sought to inspire, his breast was not prepared to entertain.

To look on the fair Louisa, and to listen to her voice, was that which Henry could have done with delight through the day ; but it soon occurred to him, that other matters demanded his care. Brinkman had been previously informed, that his companion came to take a situation in Hamburg, and with mutual acknowledgments of kindness and satisfaction they parted.

It demanded an effort of resolution, to which Henry was hardly equal, without

emotion, to see Brinkman depart, and to snatch a last look at the aerial figure of his lovely daughter. They had invited him to Leipzig, where they proposed to reside ; but, fixed by his duty, in the city where he then found himself, for some years, as he supposed, he could not but believe that they would meet no more. The manner in which Brinkman had sighed over the picture, which Henry had recognised, was still fresh in his recollection. To this subject he had endeavoured to lead the invalid, but in vain. The slightest approach to an expression of curiosity on that point, had invariably produced some abrupt reply, immediately followed by sad and silent abstraction. Now that he was about to vanish for ever, fain would Henry have solicited an explanation, of this, to him, most interesting riddle, but the repulses which he had previously sustained, made him unequal to the enquiry.

When they had retired, Henry having

made some change in his dress, enquired of the master of the house, if he could direct him to Richenbach's banking-house.

“ I can direct you to where it was.”

“ To where it was ?”

“ Yes, Sir, to Richenbach's late banking-house.”

“ That, I have no wish to see. It is his present house that I want.”

“ He has none,” replied the man. “ His old, and long-established house was burnt down to the ground, on the day before yesterday. The fire is yet but imperfectly extinguished, while he, poor man, ruined, or nearly so, by this terrible calamity, is at present insane, and under confinement, and the business of the firm is completely at a stand.”

“ Is it possible ?”

“ You will find that it is too true. As you pass down the street, you will see the smoking ruins. No guide is ne-

cessary to conduct you to the spot. A crowd is still assembled before it."

With these words the man left the room, and Henry, with feelings of amazement and distress not to be described, saw his prospect of comfort annihilated in a moment, and found himself alone, in a foreign country, without the means of subsisting there, of going forward to other parts, or of returning to England.

CHAP. IX.

“What do I seek, alas ! or why do I
Attempt in vain from thee to fly ?
For making thee my Deity
I gave thee then Ubiquity.”

COWLEY.

BUT few weeks had passed since the departure of Henry, when Pierrepont returned to England. [The three eyes of the two Hansons, had not yet ceased to flow over the disgrace which had fallen on their family ; and the Deputy continued to entertain his friends with oratorical flourishes about the anguish of an injured father, who saw his every hope of happiness immolated by the undutiful conduct of an only daughter, and the base aspirings of an unworthy menial, who had been fed for years by his indulgent hand.

He was rehearsing a string of elegant sentences of this description one morning, that they might be ready for the first comer, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Pierrepont. With brief preface he tendered his accounts to the Deputy, and directed his attention to a variety of papers which he produced, and having waited in silence till Mr. Hanson had perused them, he sternly demanded to know if all were right. He was answered in the affirmative.

“Ah ! Mr. Pierrepont,” said the lady, “we have had sad doings since you left us last.”

“So I have heard.”

“Sad doings, indeed !” the Deputy chymed in ; and he would have proceeded further, had not Pierrepont abruptly replied, —

“And shameful as sad ; since I understand that you have treated the upright and generous young Burleigh like a common thief.”

“Circumstances certainly made it appear for a time, that he had robbed me.”

“A something in your own heart (I will not give it a name), disqualified you from judging of the nobleness of his ; and in consequence your suspicions rested first on him, who was the last that you ought to have suspected.”

“You ought to remember the agitation of mind, produced by the sudden discovery that my only child had been carried off by — by —”

“As you supposed, by one, to the honour of whose alliance you once aspired.”

“You make no allowances,” Mr. Hanson replied, “for the anguish of a father, on learning the degradation of his child.”

“Well, Alexandrina has not degraded herself by going off with young Burleigh. Your heart is relieved by being undeceived on that point. — And who has she married after all ?”

The Deputy was silent.

“What ! are you ashamed to name

your son-in-law? — In this, as in all the rest, you are wrong. You ought not to blush to own him. — 'Tis true that he is a low clownish sot; a being not fit to breathe in the same hemisphere with young Burleigh; but he is not greatly your inferior, after all."

"Do you mean to insult me?"

"I mean to speak the plain truth; call it insolence, or what you will."

"If you had the feelings of a man," said Mrs. Hanson, "you would have more respect for the sorrows of parents, deploring, like us, the loss of an only child."

"And real distress would meet with my warmest sympathy ——"

"And is it not real distress," the Deputy fiercely enquired, "to have a daughter married to such a man as you describe? Would not this entitle me to the commiseration of every man of humanity?"

"To as much commiseration as you felt for the injured Burleigh. If Alex-

andrina has married a poor man, you can save her from want."

"But his family."

"His family!" retorted Pierrepont, with a smile of ineffable contempt; "on that subject at least, you ought to be silent. It is not for me, who am nobody, and who come from nobody, to condemn family-pride on the part of those who have had illustrious ancestors; but it is too much for patience, when persons of mean origin can so far forget their own history, as to despise their fellow-creatures for being like themselves."

"This, let me tell you, Sir, is not to be borne."

"It shall not be long. — If the Burleigh family had suffered the humiliation of being connected with yours, their grief had been respectable, because it would have been natural. But when you, finding your daughter married to an equal, would attempt to pass off your mortifica-

tions for a calamity, I cannot but laugh, and regard what has happened as a just judgment on insolent pride."

"Very well, Sir, — very well ; and now Sir, comes my turn," cried Mr. Hanson, foaming with rage. "From this hour I have done with you — quite done with you."

"And I, for the present, have done with you. It was because I had resolved on this, that I made you look over my accounts, before I held up the mirror to your folly. I now leave you, recommending you to atone, as far as may be, for the past, by seeking an immediate reconciliation with your daughter, and taking your worthy son-in-law by the hand."

With these words he retired, leaving the Deputy and his lady glowing with resentment for the lesson which they had received.

Pierrepont proceeded to Richmond, with a view of making some enquiries

about Henry. This, he persuaded himself, was his only motive; but, perhaps, the expectation of seeing Harriet had some influence on him; and on his arrival at the cottage, though embarrassed, he was not very sorry at learning from the servant, that Miss Burleigh was alone.

He found Harriet uneasy, on account of the intelligence received of the conflagration at Hamburg, which had so materially interfered with the hopes of Henry. From him, they had received no news. She then informed him, that her mother and herself were about to accept of a particular and pressing invitation which they had received from one of her father's oldest friends; and they intended spending a month or two in Leicestershire.

Pierrepoint requested, that she would avail herself of any opportunity that offered for giving him intelligence of his friend, and for enabling him to write to Henry.

These matters disposed of, he prepared to take his leave.

He had nothing more to say that he could recollect, yet he lingered, and hesitated to pronounce the parting word. For several minutes, he seemed labouring to recal something that he had forgotten. He at length broke silence.

“It may be long, Miss Burleigh, ere I have the happiness of beholding you again.”

An exclamation of surprise burst from Harriet; and he briefly explained the circumstances under which he had left the persecutors of his friend. He then proceeded,

“Should it be long before we meet again, may I hope, that in those moments of happiness, which I trust are in store for you, that so humble a friend as Pierre-point, will sometimes be remembered.”

There was a melancholy in his manner, that touched Harriet, and she unhesitatingly replied;

“Not to remember you with esteem and admiration, would be ingratitude. In distress, no name will be more fondly recalled; in prosperity, no friend more truly welcome.”

“From my heart, I thank you. My ambition aspires to no higher title, than that which your condescension has pleased to bestow.”

“Your language, Mr. Pierrepont, becomes too courtly. There can be no condescension in acknowledging an important service, by considering him a friend who rendered it.”

“I am tempted to controvert your words; but, feeling that I ought no longer to intrude, I now withdraw. Before I go, I would solicit one favour. — I know not how to name it; for, to mention the wish I would cherish of being able to serve you, I must suppose you to be exposed to new sorrows, to which, I pray that you may ever remain a stranger. What I would ask, is this, — that during the time your brother continues in a

foreign country, in the absence of any male relation, who might afford you protection or counsel, you will look on me, if settled in England, as the representative of my friend. Should any circumstances arise, in which you could desire the presence of a brother, think of me; and, as a brother, it will be my happiness, while life remains, to assist, vindicate, (forgive the supposition implied,) or defend, Miss Burleigh."

"Nay, it would be too much to acknowledge past generosity, by calling for new sacrifices."

"Do not refuse my first, my only request. Far be it from me, to wish that you should submit to the humiliation of soliciting my aid. Deign but to write. Your beloved name—even the initial of it, will suffice; and I shall require no further hint, to induce me to hasten to you, wherever you may be. The letter H alone, shall indicate that I may have the happiness of serving you, and

from yourself I will seek to know the rest."

"There is something singular in the request," Harriet replied, with a smile; "but, I hope, when you receive a communication from me, it will contain more than the initial of my name. I promise myself the pleasure of sending agreeable tidings of my brother."

"But still you do not promise."

"Nor do I refuse."

"Nay, but promise."

"Well, I do."

"Believe me grateful, Miss Burleigh," said Pierrepont; "and now—now I have but to say—farewell."

As he pronounced the last word, his hand caught hers; and its eager grasp was replied to by a gentle pressure. A sudden throb advanced the hand of Miss Burleigh towards his lips, but he repressed the warm emotion which had caused this movement, relinquished his hold, and quitted the cottage, without

daring again to lift his eyes to that countenance which he wished not to love, but which almost commanded his adoration.

Returning to town, he retired to an apartment which he had rented in the neighbourhood of his late employer. On the following morning he called on several mercantile men, whom he had known for a considerable period, and who had, on more than one occasion, made overtures to him, the object of which was to detach him from the interest of the Deputy, that he might connect himself with them. He was surprised at the cold welcome that he met with from those he first visited, and the civil but peremptory negatives that he received from each. At length one person threw out a hint about the awkwardness of his situation, and expressed commiseration for the distress to which he was likely to be exposed, in consequence of the fatal imprudence into which he had been betrayed, and which had terminated in

the loss of Mr. Hanson's confidence. The cautious manner in which he was addressed, and the circumlocution which the speaker seemed to consider necessary, induced Pierrepont to demand further explanation, and after some hesitation this was accorded by the production of a circular letter, which ran as follows : —

“ Mr. Hanson presents his compliments to Mr. — and begs that he will not pay any sum, or sums of money, to George Pierrepont, his late clerk, as the said George Pierrepont is no longer in the confidence of Mr. Hanson, and has absconded from his service.”

The shyness he had remarked was now sufficiently accounted for, and Pierrepont was relieved in a moment from all perplexity. But doubt was succeeded by that which is hardly less hostile to the peace of the party entertaining it; namely rage. His first resolve was to wait upon “ the worthy Deputy,” with a horsewhip; but on

reflection, a more effectual way of punishing him suggested itself. To seek the person who had placed him under Mr. Hanson, and to obtain from him the means of compelling the Common-councilman to execute the agreement which he had signed, and then to prosecute him for the calumny which he had sent abroad, seemed to promise more substantial vengeance.

CHAP. X.

*“ Roderigo. ————— There have I put on
Sometimes the shape of a comedian,
And now and then some other.*

Sancho. A player ! a brother of the tiring house !

Soto. A bird of the same feather !

Sancho. Welcome.”

MIDDLETON and ROWLEY.

BUT a few days before, Pierrepont had heard that which led him to suppose that his father was at Manchester, and thither he now shaped his course. He found that the person he sought had lived there, but all his enquiries failed to discover his present abode ; and, after repeated disappointments, he abandoned the pursuit in despair.

The expence attendant on the journey, and on the efforts which he had made to discover the person he sought, had considerably reduced his stock of cash. He

found it necessary to economise, and he now took an outside place to London on one of the stages. Finding himself rather unwell, he was fearful, that to perform the whole journey, without resting, would endanger his health. From Manchester the outside fare was a guinea; and he knew that from Derby, which was fifty-seven miles nearer to London, twenty-six shillings would be demanded by the same coach. This anomaly, growing out of the great opposition at one place, and out of the absence of opposition at the other, he prudently sought to avail himself of, by taking a place for London. It was however agreed, that if he chose to stop at Derby he might do so, paying fourteen shillings for his conveyance, which sum was demanded in advance.

He found himself so much better on the road, that he determined to go forward to London. It was eleven at night when the coach reached Derby. There he was directed to go into the coach-

office, and pay the remainder of his fare. On offering to do this, a fat vulgar-looking ruffian demanded the Derby fare of twenty-six shillings.

Pierrepoint reminded him, that he, like the other passengers, had taken his place for London, and had but an additional seven shillings to pay.

“Stuff!” cried the ruffian, with a lordly air of contempt for the supposed effort at imposition, “you’re not going to tell me that. What! let you go to town for seven-shillings, when here are people willing to pay twenty-six. — It won’t do.”

“I do not desire you to take my word, but I expect you to believe your own guard, and your own-way bill, and insist on your fulfilling your engagement.

“I don’t care for the guard,” replied Mr. Barabbas Blubberlip, “I don’t care for the way-bill — you wont go for seven, when others will pay twenty-six. I — I don’t care for what you say, a pretty thing

to take you for seven, when others pay twenty-six.

The guard, who had promised to see every thing settled in a proper manner, now interfered, but only to meet with outrageous abuse, for daring to speak the truth, in opposition to the dishonourable conduct of his master, or superior fellow-servant; and Pierrepont was admonished to pay the one pound six, like a man, if he wished to go forward. Before he could reply, the way-bill was filled up, and the "human hog," who was styled the coach-master, had ordered the vehicle to proceed, and commenced a precipitate retreat; which measure was not unwisely determined upon, if he had any regard for his nose.

The night was pitchy dark, and Pierrepont now found himself near the market place in Derby, encumbered with a portmanteau, and wholly a stranger to the town. The shops were all closed, and he had advanced some fifty yards

towards the Chatworth road before he perceived this, and before he had time to suspect, that in a place so populous, he could experience any difficulty in finding a lodging. But now with some uneasiness remarking, that all the inns and public houses, were shut up, he began, as he approached the end, or what a Londoner would call the beginning of the town, to prepare himself for the luxury of wandering all night in the open air. While meditating on the dreary prospect before him, he approached the spot where the London and Chatworth roads form an acute angle, when a door opened and the reflection of a cheerful blaze caught his eye. It was a small inn, and he entered, though some opposition was attempted on account of the lateness of the hour. A high wooden screen, with an opening in the middle instead of a door, enclosed the greater part of that apartment, in which the lower class of customers take their refreshment, and

which, in the Midland counties, is called the kitchen. Here five or six persons were seated, basking before an enormous coal fire, drinking ale, talking politics, and enjoying the solace of a pipe.

Pierrepoint enquired for the parlour, and was conducted into a small apartment at the back of the house, paved with a composition, which in that part of the country is commonly used instead of boards, to form the floor. Here, on enquiring if he could have a bed, he was met with a flat negative. He thought of applying for permission to sit up by the kitchen fire, when the landlady, who had the appearance of having passed her whole life in the country, having treated herself with a stare at his face, began to catechise him in the following manner :

“ Pray where do you coom from ? ”

“ From Manchester.”

“ O ! — I were never thear. You did no’ alway live thear, did you.”

“ No.”

“ I’m sure I know your feace soom-where. — In Loonon I think I’ve seen you, or thearabouts.”

“ Very likely ; but I have no recollection of you.”

“ Did ever live at Stepney, or thear-away.”

“ Never ; but when I was a school boy, and then but for a year or two.”

“ Ha, ha, I recollect. Is your name George Pierrepont?”

“ It is.”

While giving this reply, he returned the landlady’s stare, as much astonished at the altered manner of Mrs. Homely, as at finding himself recognised, where he had had so little prospect of meeting with any one that he had ever known.

Few words explained the riddle. Mrs. Homely, in her younger days, had kept a preparatory school, to which Pierrepont was sent when a child. Married to the landlord of an Inn, she had, from motives of policy, acquired the dialect

and manners of those among whom her lot was cast ; and her study had been so successful, that, externally, no trace of the school mistress remained.

It was fortunate for Pierrepont, thus to meet with an old acquaintance, for all difficulties in the way of his finding a lodging vanished in a moment.

“ Why, it was but other day,” said Mrs. Homely, unconsciously relapsing into the Derby dialect “ that amon coom here that knows you very well, and who has been acting with you, since you grew up to be a mon, at the private play, he says.”

“ Indeed ! Has the fame of my folly travelled so far ?”

“ Yes, I believe he’s now in kitchen. Jack Practical ! — Jack Practical !” cried the landlady, raising her voice loud enough to be heard in the outer apartment. It was promptly replied to.

“ ‘ What noise is this ? Give me my long sword, ho ! ’ ” and with these words,

a person shabbily attired, entered the little parlour.

“Here’s a gentleman knows you,” said Mrs. Homely.

“The devil there is. Then I wish him joy of his acquaintance, whoever he may be.

“How do you do, Mr. Practical?”

“Ah!—What is it you, Mr. Pierrepoint! I am very glad to see you. I, and mine hostess here, have had several conversations about you. I’ve often thought of our enactings at Berwick and Gloucester Streets. We had there some rare fun. Famously well you used to play *Rolla*.—By the bye, how’s the fine little boy, that you had by Miss Polly—Polly—what was her name—one of the *Virgins of the Sun*?”

“As I have not the pleasure of recollecting either the boy or his mother, I am not able to give you an answer.”

“I made a mistake, it was Jack Williams. He, I am told—”

Here Mr. Practical was interrupted by a female, who announced her approach by a threat that she would tear out his eyes. From attempting to carry this resolution into effect, she was only deterred by the unexpected presence of Pierrepont.

“Angels and ministers of grace defend us!” cried Practical. “What’s the matter, Mrs. Tearsheet. — ‘Whose mare’s dead now?’”

“None of your nonsense; —”

“‘Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell? Be thy intents wicked or charitable?’”

“Don’t blast me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Here, you’ve been setting my husband to fight again, and got the life beat out of him, you know you have.”

“Let me beg of you not to put yourself in a passion. If your husband should die —”

“You will have murdered him, and I shall always say that you did it.”

“ ‘ Did it to help thee to a better,’ Mrs. Snivelgate; so make yourself easy. Your husband, Mrs. Yelpabout, insulted a gentleman. He told Mr. Crosslegs, the tailor, that he was only the ninth part of a man. He could not bear that, you know.”

“ Yes, and Mr. Crosslegs (set on by you), has given my husband such a beating, as he can’t bear.”

“ That’s ‘ Measure for Measure.’ ”

“ And I dare say, he’ll not be able to stand for a week.”

“ Then there’ll be ‘ the Devil to pay.’ But ‘ to fall somewhat into a slower method,’ Mrs. Talk-me-blind, if you don’t treat me with more respect, I shall be under the painful necessity of leaving your lodgings.”

“ I wish you would, to-morrow.”

“ Very well! — But you know I must give a reference to you, and can’t stir unless you give me a good character.”

“ And what character can I give you

when you know, that you have never paid me a farthing, since there you have been?"

"Why, at least, you can say, as I never paid you, that you had no trouble, *in getting your money*, Mrs. Mag-at-all, and that will obtain me a lodging any where."

Every word that fell from Practical was the signal for a laugh from the kitchen company, who had repaired to the parlour-door, to enjoy the impudent raillery of the player, (for such was his quality;) and the wife of the beaten man was fain to retire, from the ridicule, of which she found herself the object, threatening to bar the door against Practical that night, to which he replied, by the double menace, that if she did so, he would break in at the window; and yet more, meeting with so ungrateful a return for his kindness, he would never get her husband threshed again.

It appeared that Practical when about to sit down to supper, fearing the party

would be rather too numerous for the viands prepared, had hit upon the expedient, of setting two of the company to fight, in order to diminish the consumption. He first engaged the combatants in a political argument, and then, sitting by the side of the person, who was subsequently vanquished, continued in whispers to inflame, or as he termed it, to “prime and load” him, till he threw out a sarcasm on the calling of his antagonist. This led to a conflict, which terminated in proving the ninth part of a man more than a match for a whole man. Jack completely succeeded in his mischievous object, as one of the fighters was rendered incapable of eating, by the blows he received, and the appetite of the other was appeased by the glory of victory, and thus a fair opening was made for Pierrepont, who now, with Practical, the landlord, and his wife, sat down to supper.

To the enquiries of the player, as to

his circumstances, Pierrepont replied by stating the truth, and he was in consequence advised by Practical to take to the stage.

“ I know,” said he, “ what you can do ; I know that you will be a star in our ragged, wretched company, and have no doubt, that powers like yours, would soon procure an invitation to the metropolis. Even here, though the pay is miserable, you may gain a subsistence till you have time calmly to determine what course you will ultimately pursue. I will introduce you to the manager of a strolling band to which I belong, and he, though ‘ a dull and muddy mettled rascal,’ as Hamlet calls himself, will, I know, give you such an engagement as he can offer.”

“ Really,” said Pierrepont, “ I know not what to think of this proposition. It is not eminently tempting ; for your affairs, if I may judge from your

appearance, are somewhat ‘out at elbows.’ ”

“Curse your *coat-ation*,” cried Practical. “Treat with respect the tatters of genius. You, who can conduct yourself with something like common propriety, would do here, as every where else, better than I can hope to do. I was born under a threepenny-halfpenny planet, and shall never live to be worth a groat. But no matter, Nature has given me a good allowance of careless gaiety, a taste for mischief, and a talent for producing it; and these, in the midst of poverty and privation, relieve me from the anxieties of life, make me insensible to pain, and lift my soul above its beggarly destiny.”

CHAP. XI.

“ I’m like a thing that never yet was heard of,
Half merry and half mad ; much like a fellow
That eats his meat with a good appetite.”

MIDDLETON.

THE proverb tells that “half a loaf is better than no bread,” and this sober truth Pierrepont began very clearly to comprehend in the course of the following morning, when revolving in his mind, the hopeless situation in which he found himself, through the malice of Mr. Hanson, and the failure of his efforts to discover the person from whom he hoped for the means of obtaining justice. Destitute, as he was likely to be, in the course of a very few days, it appeared to him, that the advice of Practical was not to be despised ; and he determined to go with him, as the latter had proposed that he should, to the manager of the company

which numbered Jack Practical among its most efficient members.

On calling for his reckoning, Pierrepont was met by a flat refusal to make any charge, and a warm invitation to come again. To the determination announced by Mrs Homely, he offered the strongest opposition; but she felt hurt at the idea, that, because she kept an inn, she could not be allowed to welcome, in a friendly way, an old acquaintance. Her husband participated in this feeling, and Pierrepont was at length compelled to yield to their united representations.

Between two and three o'clock, Practical conducted him to the rural retreat of the manager. This was distant more than two miles from the town, and the lonely cottage in which he had taken up his abode, it was hinted to Pierrepont, had been preferred for more reasons than one.

The mansion in which Mr. Augustus Belmont de Dunstanville had a lodging,

was not a most superb residence for a *ruler of kings*, even, if he had had the whole of it to himself. It was but one story high ; the roof had once been thatch ; but this having failed in several places, large rough slabs were laid over the holes to exclude the rain. The walls were of stone, with two small casements in front ; the house was flanked with pig-styes, and the whole was enclosed with a shapeless irregular wall, composed of stones piled on each other, which were not held together by mortar, or any cement ; and which the foot of a strong man, might have levelled with the ground in an instant.

On the door being opened by a female, who acted the part of servant to Mr. Belmont de Dunstanville, she was accosted by Practical, with the careless effrontery, in which, on all occasions, he was accustomed to indulge.

“ ‘Where’s he that was Othello.’ ”

“ Sir ! ”

“ Is old Blow Porridge at home ? ”

“ Who do you mean ? ”

“ Manager Strut. ”

“ Do you want Mr. Belmont-de Dunstanville ? ”

“ Yes ; or his wife, Bandy Juliet : either will do. ”

“ He is out. ”

“ Is he, indeed ! ” said Practical ; “ then I dare say, he will not be long. ”

“ He said he should not come home before the evening. ”

“ Did he ? — Well, if that is the case, as he never tells the truth, he’ll be back directly, so I’ll walk in and wait for his return. ”

The woman evidently thought this arrangement somewhat objectionable ; but Practical, excited by her reluctance to admit him, pushed resolutely forward, and passed into a parlour. Here he found no one, but a boiled fowl and a piece of bacon were smoking on the table, and these satisfied him, that the manager was

not far off, and suggested the means of making him come forward.

“Come, sit down,” said he to Pierrepont: “if Mr. Augustus Belmont de Dunstanville is not at home, his dinner is, and that will do as well for the present. — So, my dear,” he went on, addressing himself to the woman who had followed, “you don’t expect Mr. Belmont home before the evening.”

“No, Sir.”

“Then it’s very fortunate that I came just in time to save his dinner from being spoiled. Draw your chair, Pierrepont — what part will you have?”

Pierrepont was confounded at witnessing the easy impudence with which Jack prepared to operate on the manager’s intended meal, and declined all share in the exploit; while he inwardly reflected that the introduction he was about to have, was not likely to take place under the most favourable circumstances that could be imagined.

“Why, then, if you won’t eat, I will,” cried Practical, serenely proceeding to the anatomy of the fowl, and commencing his meal with great glee, and apparently with an excellent appetite. “It’s all my eye, you know, about his being out. I warrant, he’ll soon find his way here, when he learns that his dinner is in danger.”

While he was speaking, some one knocked at the outer door, and as soon as it was opened, Mr. Belmont de Dunstanville burst into the room. He was a short, thick-set man, somewhat past the prime of life. His dress and embellishments, exhibited a ludicrous jumble of poverty and pride. His clothes were nearly thread-bare, and not remarkably well assorted. His linen was not so white as it might have been, considering that it had the advantage of being washed in the country; but he wore a very elegant brooch in a shirt, the texture of which would be regarded as tolerably fine for a

towel. A pair of jockey-boots with white shining tops were drawn over the lower parts of his tight pantaloons; and three elegant rings (of no great value by-the-bye,) adorned that number of his fingers.

Practical, who had already made considerable progress, had scarcely got a glimpse of the irritated manager, when he began to read him a lecture on his want of good manners, as he considered that it would be unwise to wait for the attack of his adversary. He accordingly thus accosted Mr. Augustus Belmont de Dunstanville.

“O, ho! ‘little hospitality!’ I thought the clash of the knife and fork would bring you here, as quickly as a charcoal fire, a bit of bacon, and the Lord’s Prayer reversed, are said to raise the devil. — Now is it not too bad that you should be denied to two gentlemen, from a fear that they might take a snap with you? As we came in here, you must needs bolt out behind; but perceiving

that the trick would not do, you pass round to the front of the house and come in as if you had really been abroad. — You went through the pig-stye in your way. — Look, what a pickle your boot's in. — To come thus, now, into a dining-room! — Upon my soul it's enough to take away one's appetite."

But the appetite of Mr. Practical escaped the danger, and he continued to do his best to appease it, while the manager, astonished at the unexpected presence of a person in the dress of a gentleman, and irritated by the outrageous attack on his intended repast, and the home charge preferred against him by the invader of his retirement, could hardly recover himself sufficiently to attempt a denial of the meanness, which he knew right well had been justly imputed.

"Well, I don't want any apology," Jack graciously proceeded. "As I particularly wished to see you, I am very glad that you are come. Will you take a bit

with me? — Come, don't stand on ceremony. Here's a delicate back ; but, by-the-bye, they give you very queer poultry here. This animal, I'll take my oath, must have been a great-great-grandfather : — in fact, a feathered Methusalem."

" Indeed! — I wish his years had saved him from your jaws. But you spare neither sex nor age."

" That's the best thing you've said these seven years. — Help yourself to a little parsley and butter, and pray make free."

Accustomed as the manager was to the impudence of his principal comic actor, the present display of his effrontery before a perfect stranger, whose business he was quite at a loss to guess, occasioned him no small embarrassment, and hardly knowing what he did, he took his seat at the table to which he was so kindly invited.

" Now, Mr. Augustus Belmont de Dunstanville," cried Practical, " I am come

to make your fortune. As your friend, you know how kindly I have often told you, that your tragical waddle, though a very complete thing of the kind, will not do for *Hamlet*, even in a country barn; and though your voice would enable you to sustain indifferently well the part for which I suppose you were originally *cast*, that of cying “Dust O!” in the streets, yet still it is not the thing for *Rolla*; and though your duck-legs, broad brawny face, and dull sunken goggles, might enable you to personate the *Jack of Clubs* with considerable effect, they play the very devil with *Romeo*.”

Arrived at this stage of his harangue, the banterer threw a triumphant leer at Pierrepont, which seemed to call upon him to exult at the very favourable train into which he had succeeded in bringing his affairs. The manager incensed at the insolence of this beginning, expressed his resentment with great warmth, and vehemently vindicated his *Hamlet*, *Rolla*, and

Romeo, by referring to the applause which he said he had received at various places, and the *bespeaks* which his own peculiar merits had obtained for the company. Practical made no effort to interrupt him ; but continued his operations on the fowl with the most perfect composure, and with unremitting assiduity.

“ Your *Romeo*,” he at length said, the other having concluded, “ certainly afforded a treat to the lovers of farce ; but to look the character decently with those ‘ lack-lustre eyes,’ you ought to play it in spectacles. The bespeak on which you plume yourself, for we’ve had but one for a century, was merely a joke, for the pleasure of seeing, in Mrs. Augustus Belmont de Dunstanville, a bandy *Juliet*.”

The manager now vindicated the personal merits of his lady, and Practical continued to ply his knife and fork as before ; and when Mr. De Dunstanville again arrived at a pause, he was once

more put to his mettle, by a sneer at his "monkey-faced brat," as Jack thought proper to call the son and heir of the person he was tormenting.

By the time the new oration, thus extorted, was brought to an end, Jack, having finished his repast, was picking his teeth. All the upbraidings and threats of the manager seemed to be wholly unregarded, and Practical proceeded to reply with great affability.

"You have very ably defended yourself, and all your live stock, and I have taken care of the dead. The fowl was excellent, and I have done justice to it. Had I not found a substitute for the poultry, to occupy you, I was fearful that there would not be enough for us both, and I am obliged to economise. You have had an opportunity of displaying your powers, and I have had a dinner, such as I but rarely taste ; as Macbeth says, ' So *foul* and fair a day I have not seen.' Now then to business."

“ You may go about yours,” the manager sulkily replied.

“ But it is yours that I come about. Mr. Pierrepont, allow me to introduce you to my friend Mr. Augustus Belmont de Dunstanville, who is a most excellent man, and an actor of transcendant merit.”

“ Now you’re coming it the other way !”

“ Think not I flatter : I told this gentleman as we came along, that you, Mrs. De Dunstanville, and Master Cupid Henry Augustus, form a constellation of virtue and talent, such as I had never met with before.”

“ This is worse than the other,” cried the manager ; but it was evident that the flattery, gross as it was, had in some measure subdued his resentment.

“ That I think highly of you,” continued Jack, “ is ‘ most true.’ And so have I spoken of you in your absence this very day. Have I not done so ?”

Pierrepoint started at the unblushing impudence of this appeal to him, as he could not but remember, that all he had said out of doors, was in the spirit of that which he had just addressed to Mr. De Dunstanville.

Practical took silence for assent, and went on.

“ There, you see, that gentleman confirms what I have said. If you have a testament handy I’ll swear to it. I had before told him of your merit, and I thought that I could not do better, than give you the opportunity just afforded, of showing how well you can act the part of the father, the husband, and the man. Now, to return to business. This gentleman is Mr. Pierrepoint, a star of the first magnitude, who, I have no doubt, will produce you from five to ten pounds each night he plays, in every town that we are permitted to infest. I don’t want you to buy a pig in a poke. Make no engagement till you have seen

him perform. After that you must be liberal, and must not take into your consideration, while negotiating with him, the excellent turnip-fields near this place, in which the rest of your company sometimes seek a dinner; it is the more necessary that he should have a good salary, as he is wholly unacquainted with what we technically call *cadging* or *sponging*, and would therefore be likely to let a dinner slip through his fingers, if one came in his way."

"Could not you," enquired Mr. De Dunstanville, looking ruefully at the back of the vanished fowl, and half a leg, which Practical had kindly put on his plate, "teach your friend how to play his cards better than that?"

"No," replied Jack, "for he is an original, and disdains to copy from excellence itself."

The manager soon consented to allow Pierrepont to act for one night, and the part of *Rolla* was selected for his *debut*.

Practical, when they left Mr. De Dunstanville, assured Pierrepont that he was a most intolerable and sordid tyrant, out of whom nothing could be got, but by bullying and cajoling him alternately.

“But,” said Pierrepont, “you carry your insolence to such an extravagant pitch, that I wonder how he can endure it.”

Jack explained, and told his friend, that, besides being of some importance to the manager as a comedian, his talent for writing play bills, gave him additional influence, and, together with the arrears of salary now due to him, and the apprehensions entertained, lest he should acquaint Bandy *Juliet* (as he always called Mrs. De Dunstanville), with the particulars of a scene acted between Osmond, (that was the manager's character), and the representative of the *Castle Spectre*, when the play of that name was performed, of which he had been accidentally a witness, made Mr.

Augustus unwilling to provoke him too far.

“This,” said he, “gives me the power of persecuting him with impunity, and I am not at all scrupulous, as you may partly see, about using the advantage chance has given me over him. I must have another quarrel with him to-morrow about your dress, for all the rubbish of his wardrobe is not worth a guinea. He shall not make a scare-crow of you; but I cannot prevent him from doing it, without another breeze. The wretched tatters in which we exhibit, will astonish you. Would you believe it, the same garment does for *Lord Townly* and *Sylvester Daggerwood*! *Sir Simon Rochdale*, was played t’other night in an old watchman’s coat, borrowed for the occasion, and since confiscated. I did *Job Thornberry*, in shirt sleeves, (most curiously patched by-the-bye,) and the last time we had ‘*Antony and Cleopatra*,’ though bandy *Juliet* came out in

her best duds, ‘ I’m the son of a whetstone,’ if you could have likened the superb Queen of Egypt, to any thing but a bag of rags, on its way to a paper-mill.”

CHAP. XII.

“ ——— I do not like you, Sir ;
You’re an ill-favoured fellow, in my eye.”

CHAPMAN.

EVERY thing was soon arranged, by the address and impudence of Practical, and the manager acted with unwonted liberality, by the new candidate for histrionic fame, by purchasing a dress, that was really pretty well suited to the character which Pierrepont was to sustain ; who at length made his *debut* as the *Peruvian hero*, in “ Pizarro,” with great *eclat*. In all the principal scenes he was greeted with the most rapturous applause. But one individual seemed displeased. He was as regular in his disapprobation, as the rest of the audience were constant in their praise ; and the moment their

shouts of “ Bravo !” subsided, his cry of “ Off, off !” was heard. This continued till the fourth act, when the manifest injustice of the malcontent, made him an object of general indignation ; and he was forcibly ejected, by a very summary process, which was, perhaps, not altogether agreeable to his feelings.

The manager was in high spirits, and the exultation of Practical knew no bounds. Mr. Augustus, on such an occasion, feeling disposed to be liberal, invited Pierrepont, his friend Jack, and several of the other performers, to take part of a bowl of punch. Pierrepont would gladly have declined joining them ; but without an appearance of unsociable pride, he could not get off, and he reluctantly consented to accompany the manager and his comedians to Homely’s.

All were in great good humour, the conversation was gay, and the utmost harmony prevailed ; when the second bowl

being nearly out, the manager demanded to be informed, of what he had to pay.

This was viewed by Mr. Practical, as a most ungracious act, and without ceremony, or preface, he began to pour a torrent of ludicrous abuse on Mr. De Dunstanville, in the course of which, he did not scruple to throw out some pretty intelligent hints respecting Mrs. De Dunstanville, which could not be altogether agreeable to her husband.

“ You had better not throw out such insinuations,” cried the Manager, with a look of awful menace.

“ Then call for another bowl. — Insinuations, indeed ! — Come, I like that. — But call for another bowl. — Mrs. De Dunstanville’s character, like yours, may defy calumny ; so don’t be alarmed. — Call for another bowl. The last time you did *Iago*, don’t you remember the grin you got, when you came to the line,

“ Wear your eye thus — not jealous, nor secure.”

Here Practical gave such a burlesque imitation of Mr. De Dunstanville's manner, that all present recognised it with a burst of involuntary laughter. The tormentor proceeded, —

“ Now, it was not the diabolical squint, which you recommended to *Othello*, while repeating the words ‘ wear your eye thus’ — that caused all the laughter, but it was that association of ideas, that, on similar occasions, must always be expected to pursue such virtuous beings, as Mrs. De Dunstanville and yourself.”

Pierrepont felt hurt at the indecorous conduct of Jack. He defended the manager, and declared that to drink more, would be worse than useless. Jack, however, reiterated his calls on the manager for another bowl ; though the other actors, following the example of Pierrepont, decided against it.

“ I am not going to call in more punch, when there is nobody to drink it but you,” growled the Manager, sulkily

throwing his head into his right hand, the elbow belonging to which rested on the round table that had been placed for their accommodation.

Jack had long meditated mischief. His hooked stick was engaged with the handle of the lock, beneath the table, and the moment that Mr. De Dunstanville reclined his head in the manner described, his persecutor gave a sudden twitch, the top of the table turned up, and bowl, ladle, glasses, and candlesticks, were instantly hurled in the direction of the unfortunate Manager, who started at the shock, and beheld the clattering ruin in speechless agony.

Practical executed this trick so adroitly, that no one suspected the part he had taken. He was the first that ventured any thing beyond an expression of surprise.

“There ! there !” he exclaimed, —
“there are the precious fruits of shabbiness. Let this be a warning to you,

Mr. Augustus Belmont De Dunstanville. Had you called in another bowl, as I advised, that lump of wood which you wear instead of a head would not have been thrown on the table, and the glasses and bowl would have remained whole."

"You canna ha' broken them all?" said Mrs. Homely, giving her assertion a tone which made it an interrogatory.

"Make yourself easy, Mrs. Homely. — They're all gone — all broken, as if they had been but so many Commandments. Now, let him know what he has to pay."

Before this direction could be complied with, a person, who had been knocking at the street-door for some time, was admitted. The instant Practical saw him, he exclaimed, "Turn him out! Turn him out!" and forthwith proceeded to throw himself into a boxing attitude, exclaiming, —

"Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain that has hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night."

The stranger receded. He had been allowed to enter in consequence of his declaring that he had business with the actors ; but Practical at once recognised in him the person who had hissed Pierrepont. As the intruder retired, he repeatedly called, Rolla, Rolla ! Pierrepont, George !”

“ I’ll Rolla you !” cried Jack. “ I’ll teach you to hiss again !”

“ Stop !” cried Pierrepont, in an authoritative tone.

“ ‘ What ! shall he seek the lion in his den, and beard him there ? ’ ” exclaimed the player, making a furious blow at the enemy.

Pierrepont now seized his friend by the throat, and threw him back with violence.

“ ‘ What ! will you kill me for my kindness ? ’ ” cried Jack, in the language of *Marplot*. “ Why this is the rascal that hissed. Let me get at the Amalekite.”

“ He had a right to hiss me. — He is

my friend — my particular friend — my father !”

“ O, that’s quite another thing. — Let me shake hands with him. — As Pierre says, —

‘ Come, let’s heal this breach,

I am too hot, we yet may all live friends.’ ”

But his hand was indignantly spurned by the person he had intended to conciliate, and who now, in a tone of displeasure, addressed Pierrepont.

“ What, in the devil’s name, brings you here ? What business have you with this vagabond gang ?”

Jack again put himself forward, but Pierrepont stopped his mouth.

“ Why did you join this banditti ? — Why turn stroller ?”

“ Because distress left me no other resource,”

“ How can that be, when I myself placed you, where, with prudence, you could hardly fail to make a fortune ?”

“ The story is rather long, and this is not a convenient time or place for telling it.”

“ Then, come with me to my lodgings directly, and tell these strollers that you now turn them off.”

Practical stared at the contempt expressed for himself and his brother-comedians, by a person of no very respectable appearance, and whose manner seemed as rude and vulgar, as his attire was shabby. He felt very much inclined to attack him ; but his friend Pierrepont had called the stranger his father, and therefore, he could not venture on such an experiment. But he knew not how to believe him serious, as, after bidding the company good night, he accosted the person who waited, as Mr. Calthorpe. The whole was a riddle which he could not solve ; and having seen them depart, he gave up guessing at it, and turned to enjoy the distress of his ma-

nager, who had now to go through the painful task of settling with Mr. and Mrs. Homely, for the punch bowl and glasses.

CHAP. XIII.

For, in his face, red heat and ashy cold

Strove which should paint revenge in proper colour

That like consuming fire most dreadful roll'd;

This like death's threaten all heavily dol'd.

Pinchas Brachius

Conducted by Calthorpe to his lodgings in Nunn's Green, Pierrepont recounted to him the treatment he had received from Mr. Hanson, and satisfied him, that he had taken up the business of a player, not from choice, but through necessity. Calthorpe swore most justly at hearing of the meanness of the Common-council man; but when Pierrepont pressed that which he had most at heart, namely, that legal-measures should promptly be resorted to, in order to compel the Deputy to fulfil his engagements, his friend

CHAP. XIII.

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Strove which should paint revenge in proper colours;
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PHINEAS FLETCHER.

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shook his head, and seemed by no means prepared to venture on such an experiment.

“I’ll tell you what,” said he, “I know a little about the law, for I was an attorney’s clerk in my younger days, and I know, that in many cases, attempting to recover what you have a right to, is only throwing good money after bad. At present, I have very little to spare, so, as the saying is, must ‘look before I leap.’ You stand in need of immediate relief; for, I think, fasting till an action could be commenced and ended, would not agree with your constitution. Suppose for the present, you were to take the situation of secretary to a gentleman of some importance in this neighbourhood.”

“But, can any thing of the kind be obtained?”

“Leave that to me. It’s only a week ago that I heard Sir James Denville asking for one.”

“Sir James Denville, did you say?”

“Yes, I did. What do you know of Sir James Denville, pray? — hey! what do you know of him?”

Calthorpe pressed this question, with more appearance of anxious curiosity than was usual with him. Pierrepont replied,

“Nay, I know nothing about him; but, living in the same house with young Burleigh, and being intimate with him, I have often heard the name of Sir James mentioned.”

“O! I recollect: — yes, somebody told me that Harry Burleigh was at Hanson’s. Well, you must hold your tongue about that; Sir James is not fond of having those with him, who have heard much of his concerns; so you need not say any thing of your acquaintance with Harry Burleigh; and, indeed, it will be as well to conceal the fact of your having been long known to me. I shall introduce you merely as a player

that I have scraped an acquaintance with in this town."

"But, will the Baronet be likely to engage a person on so slight a recommendation?"

"To be sure he will. — I shall request him to do so, and it is not very likely that he will consider it wise to offend me by a refusal."

These words were most significantly uttered by Calthorpe; a laugh of triumph followed them; and he carelessly turned his conversation to other subjects.

It was by this time four o'clock in the morning. Calthorpe bestowed himself in bed. Pierrepont, by his directions, took possession of a large arm chair, and both were soon fast asleep. At the end of four hours, Pierrepont awoke; he arose, and waited with impatience for the termination of Calthorpe's slumbers, but waited long in vain. The clock had struck ten, and his friend continued to snore as musically as if he had been but

at the commencement of his first half-hour. Pierrepont began to fear that the time for seeing Sir James would be past. Under this impression he ventured to rouse Mr. Calthorpe, who grumbled at being disturbed, but forthwith arose, called to the people of the house to bring him some bread and bacon, with cheese and ale directly, and invited Pierrepont to partake of this his favourite breakfast.

Little used to such luxury, but unwilling to offend, by what Calthorpe would have regarded as a display of effeminacy, Pierrepont partook, though but sparingly of the repast, repeatedly urging the necessity of dispatch. But he was always answered, that they were time enough. Sir James, it was probable, had hardly risen himself yet, and if he had risen and gone out, why the next day would do as well.

“But, in the mean time, suppose he should engage with some other person,” said Pierrepont.

“ Well, what then ! ” Calthorpe calmly replied. “ In that case, Sir James must discharge the other, and take you in his place ; that’s all I know of the matter.”

The consequential air, with which this was spoken, and indeed, with which Calthorpe usually uttered all that he had to say about Sir James Denville, did not by any means satisfy Pierrepont, that he possessed that influence over the Baronet to which he pretended. He was, however, impatient to have the question decided, and never ceased his importunity, till he prevailed on Calthorpe to set out for the abode of Sir James.

They arrived at a splendid, newly-built mansion — gained access to Sir James, and Pierrepont heard the business they went about entered upon immediately. The Baronet looked displeased and mortified ; but his words were not unkind. He heard the recommendation given of Pierrepont with calmness, and assented to the terms

which Calthorpe thought proper to propose, and which were very liberal, with an air of resignation. All was settled in the course of a few minutes, and Pierrepont was informed, that he might enter on his new office that very hour. This matter being arranged, Calthorpe took his departure, congratulating each, on being introduced to the other, and finishing with a hint, that as he had served the Baronet on this occasion, he (as one good turn deserved another) should expect that Sir James would be ready to assist him on the following Friday.

A reproachful glance, from the lowering eye of Sir James was the only answer called forth by this appeal. Pierrepont felt embarrassed, by the rudeness of the person who had brought him there; he respectfully expressed his desire to merit the approbation of the Baronet, and solicited admonition, where he might inadvertently err. Sir James, absorbed in

thought, replied with cold politeness, in a manner which plainly indicated that he had no wish to prolong the conversation.

But a very few days exhibited the Baronet in a different light. The zeal and assiduity of his new secretary, attracted his attention and commanded his esteem. He was agreeably surprised, and he scrupled not to express his satisfaction to Pierrepont himself.

“I expected,” said he, “from the character of the man who introduced you, and whom, from time immemorial, I have allowed to take strange liberties with me, to find you a rude, illiterate profligate. Your late profession did not refute this suspicion, and I feel most happy at finding you the reverse of all that I had imagined.”

“Your kindness, Sir James, in giving me a trial under such circumstances, deserves my warmest gratitude.”

“Why, I could not find in my heart

to refuse a poor, and humble, but very old acquaintance, like Calthorpe. How old are you?"

"I am about to close my twenty-first year."

"Have you been an actor long?"

"No, Sir James."

"I should like to witness the display of your talents in that way. Formerly I was very fond of theatricals. I have an apartment in this house at present used as a dining-room, fitted up with trap-doors, and all other stage accommodations, in which I have some thoughts of having a play or two performed in the course of the season."

While speaking, he conducted Pierrepont to the room of which he had spoken. Everything was most elegantly complete.

Pierrepont was admiring the decorations of the apartment, when Calthorpe entered.

"O! said he, I find you are quite at

home here. Sir James, I am in a great hurry this morning, do you happen to have ten or twenty pounds about you?"

"I believe not," replied the Baronet.

"I know you must have ten. Come hand it over; I'll call for the rest next week."

"Pierrepoint was surprised at the careless ease with which this request was made, and still more so at finding it calmly complied with. On receiving the money, Calthorpe made his exit as abruptly as he had entered.

Sir James looked at his secretary, as if he sought to read whether or not his intimacy with Calthorpe had prepared him to expect such insolent liberties as he had witnessed. He could perceive nothing but astonishment on the part of Pierrepoint.

"I must humour this eccentric wretch!" he exclaimed. "He has served me in other days, and he knows that it is not in my nature to be ungrateful. This be-

trays him at times into those indecorous freedoms which some might resent, but which I can only laugh at."

To himself, Pierrepont found the Baronet equally liberal and polite. His servants seemed to consider that they had the good fortune to live under an indulgent master. Nor did the benevolence of Sir James stop here. He had with much tenderness had an apartment fitted up in a detached building at some distance from the house, for the accommodation of a distant female relation who was insane. There she had resided for several years. The servants had at first been allowed to see her; but some of them were thoughtless enough to make a jest of the incoherent expressions which fell from the disordered sufferer, and in consequence they were not now allowed to approach her, one woman excepted, who was her constant attendant. The patient had method in her madness, and, indulged with pencils and colours, she had pro-

duced several romantic pictures, in which she represented herself as suffering under the power of a potent and cruel enchanter. Several small cabinets, which she had made with straw furnished for the purpose, proved her versatility equal to her taste ; and the brief mottoes which she had contrived to inscribe on these, evidently sprang from the same delusion which furnished the subjects of her paintings.

Under one so kind as Sir James Denville, Pierrepont had been happy but for the proceedings of Calthorpe, who seldom suffered more than a week to pass, without appearing to solicit, or rather to demand pecuniary aid. Sir James, though evidently displeased, seldom resented that conduct, which seemed to his secretary equally unreasonable and extraordinary. But the slightest reproof on his part, never failed to call forth the most insolent taunts from his pensioner ; and Sir James was always unwilling to

prolong the quarrel. On the subject of his rudeness, Pierrepont once took upon himself to remonstrate with Calthorpe in the absence of the Baronet, and to give it as his opinion that if he did not use more caution, he would infallibly lose the friendship of Sir James.

“A fig for his friendship!” cried Calthorpe. “You mind your own business, George, and leave me to manage mine. The Baronet must not quarrel with me even though I should become ten times more troublesome than I am at present.”

“Are you sure of that?”

“Quite.—He dare not provoke me, by refusing any supply that I may think proper to ask.”

“That seems strange,” Pierrepont remarked.

“But not more strange than true. He might almost as well hang himself as make me his enemy.”

Pierrepont listened with amazement. To him the language of Calthorpe con-

veyed the idea, that Sir James had been guilty of some crime, which it was in the power of Calthorpe to disclose. With this feeling he could not refrain from saying,

“ You speak as if you were privy to something, that, if known, would destroy him.”

“ To be sure I do.”

“ Is it possible that he can have committed any crime that — that —”

“ O! no, — it is not that. — If any crime has been committed, it was before he was born almost — at least before he was capable of mischief — and by me. He knows this well enough, and pays me to be a good fellow to myself; that is, he assists me now and then as you see, to prevent me from betraying my own roguery.”

CHAP. XIV.

"If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,

Such a dependency of thing on thing,

As e'er I heard in madness." SHAKSPEARE.

THE house, of which Pierrepont had become an inmate, stood at a moderate distance from the main road. In other days, the Denvilles had preferred being more withdrawn from the vulgar gaze; and their residence was a full quarter of a mile farther from the public way than the modern erection. The old house had been suffered to fall to decay, and part of it had been converted into stables; but by degrees it became too ruinous, and too old fashioned, to be used even as a dwelling-place for horses, and a more commodious range of buildings

had recently been provided in another situation.

Of the ancient mansion but little remained. One tower was standing ; but the walls which had connected it with the rest of the building, were, in most places, level with the ground ; in others they still exhibited some appearance of strength, and one small part had been thought sufficiently sound to form, assisted with a few additional stones, the principal wall of a little hovel, appropriated to the reception of the gardener's lumber. The profusely-spreading ivy, had nearly covered the surface of the lonely tower that remained, as if anxious to conceal the ravages which time had made in its once impenetrable front. But the tower was in tolerable repair, as Sir James had directed it to be attended to, and strengthened where this was necessary, when the apartments which it contained were fitted up for the reception of the maniac, and her attendant.

The entrance was adorned with two small pillars of the Ionic order, beneath the capitals of which, on either side, the representation of a mermaid appeared; and this conducted the eye to other decorations, equally fantastic. The whole was surmounted by the arms of the royal family of England, and the letters I. R. seen in connection with the date 1606, proved these embellishments to have been supplied in the time of James the First. The lapse of two centuries had materially injured them; but they were still modern, compared with the other remains of the edifice, with which they were connected.

Pierrepont had been in his new situation only a few days, when curiosity led him to inspect the ruin. But when he drew near, the frightfully discordant voice of its frantic inmate, created a sensation so painful, that he soon retired, and felt no inclination to repeat his visit. About this time Sir James left his seat for the metropolis. He had been

absent nearly a week; and Pierrepont, at a loss how to occupy his time, frequently strolled for hours in the grounds without any definite object. Accident, one afternoon, conducted him through a thickly wooded part of the park, which he had not previously explored, to the ancient tower, which it had been his study to shun. He came on it before he was aware that it was to be found in the direction which he had listlessly taken; and gazing on its rugged aspect, while contemplating its mouldering battlements and fallen pride, he could not but compare its present ruined state, with that of its hopeless inmate.

“This building,” thought he, “formerly charmed the eye, by the strength and elegance which it united; the adjoining halls were filled with brilliant, joyous groups; and the menial train dependent upon them, eagerly listened to catch the overflowings of abounding mirth; while the foaming goblet taught

the song to ascend, which commemorated the exploits of chivalry, or the triumphs of beauty. Now deserted and forgotten, the rude winds range uncontrouled through the roofless apartments, or burst the uncouth apertures, in which superbly decorated windows once shone in all the variegated splendour, that successful art could bestow ; whilst no sound supplies the place of the harmony long familiar with this spot, but the harsh tones of the bird of night, or the ravings of a maniac. Nor less severe the destiny of its hapless tenant. In the pride of intellect, in the bloom of youth, in the splendour of female loveliness, she perhaps graced the gayest assemblies of the gay ; but now, doomed to mental darkness, she raves away her slowly departing hours in solitude, consigned even by humanity to a lonely prison.

He listened for the sounds which had formerly appalled, but he heard them not. The roaring of the winds, which at

this moment seemed to select the desolate ruin as the peculiar object of their wrath, would probably have prevented them from reaching his ear, had they continued to issue from the apartment of the maniac. His mind still dwelt on the awful vicissitudes which the poor immured being had known, and from these, by a quick transition, his thoughts passed to the awful reverse of fortune experienced by one, whose name and whose image he fondly cherished, though without entertaining a hope connected with them, but that of one day seeing her happy in the arms of another, restored to that station, comfort, and society, from which she had in a moment been snatched by a catastrophe not less horrible than unexpected.

And now it occurred to him, as he was to all appearance settled for many months, if not for years to come, that it was fitting he should make known to Mrs. Burleigh and her daughter his

good fortune, and enable them to communicate with him. From them he hoped to receive news of his friend Henry, and he reproached himself for not having written before. When he last saw Harriet, he remembered the request that he had made. He had entreated her, if he could in any way serve her, not to go through the form of soliciting his aid, but to favour him with the initial of her name. After this, he felt that he ought not for many weeks to have left her without the means of addressing a letter to him. But he consoled himself by reflecting, that the visit which she had been about to make, was likely to detain her from home till the time at which his mind was thus engaged; and he also felt, that to assume that he was likely to remain the secretary of Sir James, considering all the circumstances of his introduction, immediately on his being placed in that situation, might have been premature.

Resolved that no farther delay should take place, he determined instantly to return to the house and prepare a letter. He had advanced but a few steps, when a faint shriek, coming from the tower, seemed to mingle with the blast. Pierrepoint supposed it to proceed from the maniac, but the cry was very unlike the sounds which he had formerly heard. His eyes were fixed on the building, when he perceived a hand passed through one of the narrow apertures, originally constructed to give a passage to the hostile arrow, without exposing the person of the archer, from whose bow it was sped. The hand was soon withdrawn, but a moment after he perceived something falling, which he supposed to have been dropped from it. It was carried nearly out of sight by the wind, when a sudden gust wafted it near the ruin, and it rested on the grass, within thirty yards of Pierrepoint.

As it fell, it appeared to be some trifle,

thrown away as useless, and he felt little curiosity to examine it. He, however, directed his steps to the spot where he perceived it to lie, when, to his infinite astonishment, he beheld the letter H, ingeniously formed of straw. The coincidence was striking; he had just recalled the request made to Harriet, that she should bring that very letter under his observation, if distress should assail, or if his assistance should in any way be wanted, and now a communication, like that which his eccentric delicacy had suggested, came from the lonely tower in which he understood a maniac to be confined. Strange ideas chased each other through his bewildered mind. The mysterious power which Calthorpe exercised over Sir James — the hints thrown out by the former, that the new secretary would do well to conceal from his employer that he had been acquainted with the Burleighs, he could not help connecting, though he hardly knew

whv. with the singular incident which had
filled him with amazement. His
gaze was now eagerly directed to the
summit of the tower; the hand was
again thrust forward; and a second com-
munication appeared on its way. The
wind opposed its descent; a sudden blast
carried it over the neighbouring trees,
and it was irrecoverably lost. Its fate
had hardly been decided, when another
was dispatched, which was lost in the
same manner. A fourth more fortunate,
reached its destination. This presented
to the view of Pierrepont the letter P.
He was embarrassed how to connect that
letter with what had previously come to
hand. After some pause, it struck him
that this was the initial of his own name,
and that Harriet, if indeed she could be
his unknown correspondent, might by
possibility, have sent the first to announce
her distress, and the second to prove that
she recognised her former deliverer. But
then, what was he to think of the two

that had been lost, which were intended to come between, and possibly to connect what he had received. This again staggered him ; but, faithful to the hypothesis which he had adopted, he imagined that Harriet, acting on the feeling which he had supposed to be hers, might, in the first instance, have sent the letter H, which he had received, next his own initial, with the motive before supposed, and then repeated the operation. This seemed to account for the letters which had been lost.

Another fell almost close to him, while his thoughts were thus engaged, which went to confirm the idea that he had taken up. It was the letter H. The wind began to abate, and he now anxiously hoped that a very few moments would prove beyond doubt that he was correct in what he had surmised, or destroy the illusion altogether. A new communication was on its way : he was watching its progress with the most in-

tense curiosity, when he heard his own name pronounced.

“Mr. Pierrepont, Mr. Pierrepont,” a servant hastily called out. “Sir James desires to see you this instant. Come Sir.”

Surprised at the unusual impatience manifested by the servant, he was still looking at the object which had before claimed his attention, while he asked, hardly knowing what he said,

“Is Sir James arrived?”

“Yes Sir; just now — and here he is, coming to look for you.”

He turned round, on receiving this intimation, and perceived Sir James rushing forward, almost as much out of breath as the servant.

“Pierrepont! my dear Pierrepont!” said he, “I have a particular favour to request. But what induces you — I mean what has attracted — that is, why do I find you here? and what have you in your hands?”

“My coming here was wholly a matter of chance.”

“Was it merely chance?” enquired Sir James, as if anxious to hear the assurance repeated. “And what have you there?”

“Some letters, curiously worked in straw, that — I found” —

“Letters!” exclaimed the Baronet, with a strong expression of surprise, and as Pierrepont thought, with an air of confusion: “O! is that all,” he added in a calm tone; “but what are they — how many have you? — let me look.”

Pierrepont regretted that he had not destroyed them, and reluctantly surrendered them to the extended hands of Sir James.

“And are these all?” — was there nothing more? — no connecting vowels?”

“No, Sir James; I have seen but the two letters — H. P.”

“Poor, dear, benighted being!” Sir James exclaimed, raising his eyes to the

tower whence the letters had descended, with a look of grief. "You see, my dear Sir, how hopeless the case of my unfortunate relation — but her distress makes me almost forget the occasion on which I sought you. I have just received intelligence that poor Calthorpe is so alarmingly ill, that he is not likely to live through the night. You know how I respected him with all his oddities. I hastened to him on the instant, but found him speechless.

"Indeed," Pierrepont exclaimed, "is his case so alarming?"

"It is. Now, my dear fellow, a horse is saddled ; will you mount it and proceed to Nottingham with all possible expedition. There is a physician of the name of Fitz Osborne in that town, whom you will easily find, and who, if it be in the art of man, or the power of medicine to restore him, will afford the sufferer relief."

"I'll instantly take my departure."

"Fly my friend, and let all that human means can accomplish, be done

to preserve a life dear to us both, but incalculably so to me."

"Your benevolence shall not fail through the tardiness of your messenger,"

Pierrepont replied, hastening towards the house to proceed on the errand.

"Stay!" cried Sir James, tell Dr. Fitz Osbourne that the sufferer is speechless, and to be prepared with every thing that may, by possibility, relieve him in this respect, even though recovery should be hopeless. — Now away; and if you value his life, if you value mine, fly with the swiftness of the wind."

Pierrepont was too much interested in the preservation of Calthorpe's life to require such re-iterated admonitions to use all possible dispatch. He was soon mounted on the fleetest horse belonging to the Baronet, and urging the animal to its greatest speed, on the road to Nottingham.

"Amidst all the hurry and agitation of those moments, Pierrepont could not

prevent his thoughts from recurring to the inmate of the tower. He could not persuade himself that it was the maniac who had communicated with him. Yet, to suppose that Harriet was there, confined as such, was to impute to Sir James conduct so monstrous, that it seemed perfectly incredible. The maniac too had been there for years: she had been seen by all the servants, and was known to amuse herself by working in straw. For a moment, then, he would persuade himself that it must be the relative of Sir James, who had thrown out the letters which he had found, without meaning or object. The humanity of his employer, he could not venture to call in question. It was proved, by his kind anxiety to afford relief to his persevering tormentor, Calthorpe. Other men would have felt little regret, if they had not even rejoiced when death seemed about to withdraw an individual, who, having the power

(however that power was acquired) of extorting money, had used it so mercilessly, and with so much insolence as it had been exercised by Calthorpe; but, on this interesting occasion, Pierrepont considered that Sir James had proved his heart true to those sensibilities which connect themselves with the purest, noblest ingredients of human existence. This raised the character of his employer higher than it had ever stood before in his estimation; yet after all, admiring his generosity as he did, and in the midst of his anxiety to prolong, if possible, the life of Calthorpe, on whose existence his own future fate seemed mainly to depend, he could not dismiss from his thoughts the letters so strangely thrown in his way, (as he had for a moment supposed, in conformity with the request pressed on Harriet,) by the inhabitant of the ruined tower.

CHAP. XV.

"Her beautie (not her own but Nature's pride),

Should I describe, from every lover's eye

All beauties, this original must hide,

Or, like scorn'd copies be themselves laid by."

SIR W. DAVENANT.

WHEN Henry Burleigh received the fatal tidings which annihilated the hopes he had been for some time encouraged to indulge, he left the hotel, and wandered through the principal streets. He soon found himself near the smoking ruins of the building, in which, but for the melancholy event which had reduced it to a heap of ashes, he might even at that moment, have been usefully, honourably, and happily employed. A gaping crowd stood before the spot, observing the efforts of a number of workmen, who were labouring to accelerate the fall of part of a wall which

threatened danger. Some exulted that the late wealthy proprietor was in his turn, taught to know distress from experience ; and a set of profligate idlers, who were amusing themselves with fragments of the demolished house, appeared to regard what had happened, but as a bonfire of rejoicing ; and saw, in the bustle which it produced, a novel exhibition, which for them, had all the charms of a general holiday.

Disgusted at the insensibility which he witnessed, Henry heaved a deep sigh, and was turning away, when he perceived, at the distance of but a few paces, his late travelling companion and his daughter. Brinkman had for some moments observed Henry, and was struck with his altered deportment and disconsolate air.

“What!” said he, “do you sigh already?—that is wrong. Hereafter you will doubtless have sufficient reason to sigh, and groan too ; but that a stripling of twenty should begin to entertain the

woes of life, is almost as ridiculous as if he should call, by anticipation, for the crutches of age."

Henry felt embarrassed. He endeavoured to smile, and offered to pass on. Brinkman detained him.

"Step this way," said he, "and allow me a few moments conversation. I detest that prying impertinence, which leads most men to annoy their fellows, by enquiring into matters with which they have no concern. Having said this, you will perhaps suppose, from the general conduct of mankind, that my next step will be to ask you to recount your history, from the time of your birth to the period of our first meeting. But this I have no right — no wish to hear. From your manner, I perceive that you have experienced some reverse. It is just possible that we may be of service to each other. May I then ask to be informed, in general terms, of your present situation and views? Made acquainted

with these, I can judge whether or not what I could propose would be acceptable."

The sympathising expression which sat on the stern features of Brinkman, and the earnestness of his manner, made a forcible appeal to the feelings of Henry, who ingenuously replied,

"To a question so cautiously delicate, I can have no objection to answer, that I have indeed experienced a most afflicting reverse. My prospect of success depended upon being employed in that concern, whose ruins lie before us, and whose proprietor is now insane. I cannot deny, that in consequence of an event so unexpected, my situation is one of difficulty, reduced as I now am."

"You have said enough."

"I have known affluence. The sudden death of my father.—But of that no more."

"The death of your father!" exclaimed Brinkman, and his glance fell on his

daughter while he spoke — a tear trembled in his eye, and his whole frame was agitated by the reflections suggested. —

“For one in your situation I know how to feel,” he continued. “What may be the fate of Louisa, when I sink into my grave! — May I ask if you will accompany me and my daughter to Berlin?”

“Willingly, if you can hold out to me any prospect of finding occupation when I arrive there?”

“Would you like to be employed on a mission to England?”

“I should.”

“When we know one another better, I may probably so employ you. In the mean time, if you choose to join me, you shall remain at my house as a visitor. I cannot at present hold out any thing more eligible; but if you have firmness and address to execute properly the task, which I may one day request you to take upon yourself, I shall then be enabled to offer you a remuneration, that will fully

compensate for any loss of time that may occur in the first instance. Decide on what I have said, and at once give me your negative, or take your place in the post-waggon, by which we are this very hour to leave Hamburgh."

The condition of Henry was such, that any arrangement which offered a home, was acceptable. He without hesitation, gave his consent; and the smile which it called forth from the fascinating Louisa, and which she took no pains to conceal, would have consoled him, even if he could have persuaded himself that he was making a sacrifice.

At the suggestion of Brinkman, Henry waited on the Prussian consul and the Russian commandant in Hamburgh, and procured their signatures to the vouchers with which he had been provided, to show that he was a British subject. This business adjusted, they hastened to depart. The post-waggon was long and narrow, and of clumsy construction. It

had three or four seats slung across; the top was covered in, and the back was closed up, so that the travellers in case of bad weather, would have experienced but little inconvenience from cold or rain.

“This shabby moving dungeon,” said Brinkman, as he took his place by the side of his daughter, “must appear to you, Sir, a very beggarly conveyance, if you have not travelled on the Continent before. Here however, being covered, the people consider it respectable. I am afraid that to you, our journey will prove tedious; but our tardy motion will suit my crippled limbs, and infirm state of health.”

“And surely,” Henry replied, “that which an invalid can endure, may be borne with cheerfulness by those who are in good health.”

“I hope,” said Louisa, “that we shall find the journey pleasant. If we do not, I think it will be our own fault. We

ought to be prepared to smile at every thing, and regard any little inconvenience which we may sustain, but as a trifling incident, that will provide us with something to converse about hereafter. When it has passed away, even this day will sometimes be remembered with interest."

Brinkman smiled indulgently at the joy and satisfaction which glowed on the rosy cheek of Louisa; but it was not a smile of mirth.

"Happy, thoughtless girl!" he exclaimed: "Born in sorrow, reared in adversity, ripening in poverty, your heart itself a treasure — a kingdom to you — supplies from its own resources all that the rest of the world seek in mirth, repose, and wealth. Undepressed by every thing that might have been expected to oppose such buoyancy of spirits, you are happy in spite of calamity, and know how to set destiny at defiance. This giddy prattler," he continued, addressing himself to Henry,

“reminds me of the tender crocus, the first of Spring’s flowery train, which I have seen flourish in the most inhospitable soil, beholding with equal wonder and admiration, its delicate corolla burst through the flinty mass which seemed peremptorily to forbid its expansion, and shine in unsullied lustre to announce the retreat of Winter.”

“And happy, Sir, thrice happy, the human being, who can thus triumph over the difficulties that would check the exertion of its faculties and wither hope!”

“Surely, my dear father, I should be very foolish, if I were to cry because you cannot keep a carriage for me, have footmen to walk before or behind me, and persuade people to call me ‘My lady.’ When at home, my limbs will carry me without fatigue, almost to every place that I have any wish to visit. — I require so little assistance, that a train of servants would only be in my way; and then, for a title, I am so unconscious of

the want of it, that I can hardly understand its value. It seems to me only a piece of finery to be worn on holidays. The possessor of it, I dare say, often throws its dull formality aside when with those she intimately loves ; and I am quite certain that Lady Louisa could not be more happy than Louisa Brinkman is with you."

The lively manner of the young lady dispelled much of the gloom which had previously hung on the mind of Henry. It had not the same effect on her father, who as they proceeded was again buried in that abstraction, which had distinguished him in the packet. In the evening they arrived at a post-house decorated with the royal arms of England. This place was called Escheburgh ; and from the display of the King's arms, Henry concluded it to be a part of the German possessions of the House of Hanover ; but it was not till the next morning that they crossed the stream, which separates Mecklenburg from Hanover.

Brinkman for some hours evinced no consciousness that he had companions, and the presence of his lovely and interesting daughter was wholly lost upon him. Finding that he wished to be left to himself, she addressed her conversation to Henry, and spoke with much vivacity of the pleasures which she hoped to enjoy at Berlin and at Leipzig. From her he collected that her father was returning to reside on a small estate which he possessed in Saxony, after having lost a very considerable property which he had expected to enjoy. This, and the indisposition under which he laboured, accounted to Henry for the melancholy which generally marked his deportment. The driver and conductor of the wagon stopped at a miserable inn to obtain *snaps*, as the Germans call spirits; and here Henry and Louisa took refreshment; but Brinkman could not be persuaded to join them in their repast. When they again moved forward, he took

his place near the conductor or guard. Henry and Louisa occupied the next seat. As the night advanced, a drowsiness came over her, which she in vain strove to resist. She often attempted to shake it off, but, a moment after, her eyes closed and recollection fled. The motions of the waggon caused her to recline her head sometimes on her own bosom, sometimes against the side of the vehicle, and sometimes on the shoulder of her companion. Henry insensibly shifted his situation, so that the interesting burden might repose more secure against any sudden shock from the jolting to which they were incessantly exposed, on the rugged and neglected road which they were travelling. It was a fine night, and the rays of the moon falling full on the placid countenance of the sleeping Louisa, as she sat near the front of the waggon, gave him an opportunity of contemplating at leisure the charms on which he had not dared to fix so stedfast a gaze

during the day. Though the soft, intelligent blue eye, the playful glances of which had delighted him before, was now concealed from his view, there was an expression of sweet tranquillity in her face, which harmonised with the hour, and inspired if possible even warmer admiration than he had previously known. Henry's arm was passed half round her taper waist, and when the motion of the conveyance in which they were seated threatened to change her position, the gentle tremulous pressure of his hand counteracted the rude impulse. His form had slightly receded, and Louisa now slept on his breast. Feelings new, but indescribably delicious, came over him; and exulting in his situation at that moment, he could not but sigh from the reflection that his felicity must so speedily terminate, while the wish was mentally confessed, that his might be the happy bosom on which she could ever repose. The chilly breeze of the morning agitated her flaxen ring-

lets, disposed of them in new situations, and varied the expression of her features, but only to make her, under each change, more truly beautiful. He was apprehensive that the cold winds might injure his fair companion ; but, fearful of risking the loss of the happiness which he enjoyed, he wanted resolution to request Brinkman to protect her from the possible danger, by veiling her features from his view.

While feelings like these occupied his mind, day broke. Louisa still slept. Brinkman, though awake all through the night, had not spoken, nor taken any notice of what was passing around him. On a sudden his attention was arrested by the attitude of Louisa, and the fond admiration imprinted on the countenance of Henry. He started from his reverie, threw an impatient glance on his new friend, and snatching his daughter from her seat, placed her by his side, and sup-

ported her himself, as she had been previously supported by Henry.

Louisa awoke to all her wonted cheerfulness. She remarked, with playful vivacity, on the uncouth wooden imitations of horses' heads, which decorated the Hanoverian hovels on either side of the road. They perceived women without shoes or stockings, and without any substitute for them, engaged in performing the labours of the field. One of these stood apart from the rest, and her attire was so singularly ragged, that it moved the pity of the young lady, and she petitioned her father to afford the poor creature relief.

"When we come up to yonder unfortunate being, my father will, I hope, give her a trifle. Such abject poverty I never witnessed in my life. Ah, Sir! when you complain of our lot, you ought to bear in mind the frightful situation of these unfortunate people."

"I believe you are right, girl," Brink-

man answered, and his features relaxed into a smile ; “ but, alas ! I am not philosopher enough to think my own fate tolerable, because I am not quite so miserable as the unhappy wretch to whom you have directed my attention.”

By this time the waggon was near the poor woman. She was working but a short distance from the road, and singing in a tone of careless gaiety.

“ You see,” Louisa remarked, “ she is not so unhappy as you supposed. Now, Sir, I hope you will promise not to be so undutifully sad any more, on account of fortune. This poor creature, doomed to hard work, hard fare, and scanty clothing, is light and merry. Shall not we then, who know nothing of the numerous privations to which she must submit every day, laugh at our little embarrassments, and rise superior to what the world calls distress, but which we are not obliged to recognise as such.”

Brinkman’s smile almost expanded into

a laugh, while he replied, "You do well to take this view of what we have just seen and heard. But do you not perceive that in making me throw money to that merry wretch, you have prevailed on me to commit an act of cruelty?"

"Why of cruelty?"

"Because the running to pick it up interrupted her song: she has not resumed it; and now, instead of that joy which she lately knew, I dare answer for it, she is comparing her situation with that of those who could afford to throw away what to her appears an important sum, and repines at our happier destiny."

"I hope you wrong her, and think that you are now throwing the hue of your own mind, disturbed as it has lately been, on the ideas which you ascribe to the poor labourer whom we have just passed."

From the allusions made to Brinkman's private affairs in this conversation, Henry had feared to take any part in it. The former now appealed to him, and with

an air of pleantry, enquired if he agreed with what had just fallen from Louisa.

“I agree,” Henry rejoined, “with the sentiments Miss Brinkman has expressed, (bating the playful reproof which she has bestowed on you;) but I cannot help feeling, that after falling from a superior situation, to forget what we have lost and rejoice that we are not yet in so humble a situation as we might have filled, though it would be wise, is almost impracticable. These poor people, born to their present condition, see no hardship in that to which they have been accustomed from infancy.”

“But if it were really painful,” said Louisa, “do you not think they could feel? The truth is, we fancy pain, and by imagining distress, produce the sad reality.”

“’Tis habit makes us all,” Brinkman gravely remarked. “Our ideas depend on our early associations; these

fashion our minds and bodies, our thoughts and actions, to the situations which we fill; and it is when we are thrown out of those situations to which our plastic clay and its inhabiting ideas have conformed, that we feel the sharpest misery."

"There Sir," Henry said, "I perfectly concur with you. The African, left to himself, complains not of his pathless wilds and inhospitable climate, though the visiting European finds them the causes of severe suffering, sickness, and death."

"And," replied Brinkman, "look at the female sex, and see how they vary from early habit and situation. The delicate ornament of a drawing-room, in St. James's, you would hardly suspect to be of the same species as the rude, toil-enduring basket-women of Covent-garden, or the cultivators of the earth where we now are. In Wales, I have seen females rowing boats, or rather

barges, against a strong tide; and I have beheld the same naturally timid beings, which, in some states of society, shrink almost appalled from the gently stirring breath of Heaven; I have seen women, I say, boldly cross the rapid stream of the Euphrates, sitting on a bundle of rushes."

"And cheerfully perhaps, as well as boldly."

"As cheerfully as the poor creature just now disturbed by what I mistook for kindness, was digging the soil."

The remarks made by Brinkman, called forth from Henry some enquiries respecting the countries in which he had travelled; and on such subjects Brinkman was more communicative than on any others. He described himself to have been a wanderer all his life, and to have visited most parts of the known world. The conversation was continued till a late hour, when all from fatigue, slept as if by common consent. It was re-

sumed on the following morning, and Henry and Louisa listened with equal delight to the interesting accounts which it was in the power of her parent to supply, of the inhabitants of the various regions which it had been his fate to traverse.

They had now passed Kletzke, and were within a few miles of Kyritz, when they were met by a party of Cossacks, who came up to the waggon, and interrogated the travellers on various points, demanding whence they came, and to what place they proposed to go. They enquired with still greater anxiety, whether they had a supply of snaps with them. Though they had had but little time to study the German language, all were perfectly well acquainted with the term used to ask for spirituous liquors; and upon receiving an answer, the opposite of that which they desired, there was a manifestation of displeasure, which at first seemed to be incompatible with the

safety of the travellers. Brinkman, upon this, addressed them in their own tongue, and succeeded in making himself known to the officer who accompanied them. The danger was instantly at an end.

Proceeding through Wusterhansen and Fehrbellin, through pine woods and sandy plains, heartily weary of the delays to which they were obliged to submit, on the following day, they beheld with great satisfaction the capital of Prussia. At the Hamburgh gate their passports and vouchers were demanded, and carefully inspected; and these proving satisfactory, they soon took leave of the vehicle in which they had been the only passengers; and Brinkman, who seemed regaining his strength, conducted them on foot from the post-office to a lodging, which he had taken care should be prepared for their reception.

CHAP. XVI.

“Oh Fortune, thou didst threaten misery,
 And thou hast paid me comfort! need we aught
 That we should seek the suffrage of the court?
 Are we not rich?” HEYWOOD.

HENRY found much to admire in Berlin; and the first few days of his residence in that city, were most agreeably filled up in promenading its broad and magnificent streets; in visiting its palaces and public buildings, and in viewing the bridges and commerce of the Spree.

On the Sunday after their arrival, at the request of Brinkman, he accompanied Louisa to the church of St. Nicholas. They were on their return, when a Russian infantry officer, struck with the appearance of Louisa, thought proper to make a display of that gallantry, which some military heroes seem to think quite as essential to form a character, as valour

in the field. From rudely staring with an unmeaning smirk, he proceeded to take his place close by the side of Miss Brinkman as she walked. Henry observed it; but unwilling to get into a quarrel, he merely changed places with the young lady, and put himself next to the Russian, expecting that this manifestation of displeasure would be sufficient to induce the officer to give up the pursuit. It however had only the effect of producing a ferocious look, which indicated surprise, that a stripling in plain clothes should dare, under any circumstances, to oppose his will and pleasure, and he forthwith crossed, and again placed himself close to Louisa. Henry upon this, repeated the evolution he had resorted to before, and with such impatience, that he jostled the officer with violence, who instantly drew his sword. Burleigh, before irritated, now sprang impetuously forward, and seized the soldier with both hands. The latter

was a tall powerful man, and would probably have overpowered his antagonist in a close struggle, had not his foot slipped, and procured him a fall, almost sufficiently severe to requite his misconduct. Some Russians approached, with a disposition to espouse the cause of their countryman; but a crowd of the townspeople came up, and though Henry could but very imperfectly describe what had happened, the appearance of the drawn sword made so strongly against the Russian, that all united to condemn his violence; and Henry was advised to lodge a formal complaint with his commander. But this he declined. The humiliation to which the officer had been subjected, and the reproaches lavished on him for drawing his sword on an unarmed man, in which his own countrymen joined, seemed a fair punishment for his presumption with respect to Louisa; and for the attack on himself,

Henry was very sincere in declaring that he felt no resentment.

Brinkman testified the warmest satisfaction and gratitude, at the manner in which his young friend had repelled the intruder.

“ This,” said he, “ is one of the evils growing out of the present unhappy state of Europe. War, in my opinion, is almost as great a curse, on account of the number of wretched coxcombs of this description, which it brings into existence, as on account of the multitudes it sends out of the world.”

“ I hope the evil is not quite so great as you suppose: surely, a man may be brave and polite—modest and intrepid.”

“ Yes, and the truly brave and intrepid, are so. But the mob of foolish boys that a long war sends forth, to strut in boots and regimentals, is a nuisance so great, that if I were a sovereign, I would give one half of my kingdom to save the

population of the other half from a calamity so degrading."

"That Sir, would be paying a high price for peace."

"I do not think so. However, there is no reason to fear that my ideas will ever be acted upon. War is become so mournfully familiar with every nation in Europe, that multitudes think it as necessary as commerce, to employ the population of a state. Why in the arsenal here, the government, to make men's minds familiar with slaughter, have decorated the key-stones of the windows with representations of the countenances of dying men, in all the varieties of agony."

"These ornaments," replied Henry, "have perhaps been fantastically supplied by the taste, or want of taste, of the architect, without any motive. There is hardly any accounting for the varieties of fancy, or the freaks of those connected with the arts. At church to day, in a

solemn representation of the last judgment, I was surprised into a smile by perceiving, that the painter had thought it necessary, to heighten the dignity of his subject, by introducing a *child riding into heaven on a stick.*”

“ I have often noticed it,” said Brinkman, “ and wondered that the same ingenious pencil, had not effected the salvation of the child’s other playthings ; — his marbles and whipping-top, might as well have come in with the stick. You seem pleased with Berlin, and will perhaps be sorry to learn, that I find it necessary to proceed immediately to Leipzig. Thence, if you feel disposed to venture on a new journey, I shall probably have occasion to dispatch you to England. The business on which I want a messenger there, can be entrusted only to one, in whom I place implicit confidence. Though our acquaintance has been short, I feel satisfied that you are precisely the man I want. Till this

day, I doubted whether you had the firmness, energy and promptitude, necessary for the execution of the arduous task, which I must find some one to perform. Now, all apprehension on that score is removed."

Henry felt his curiosity excited by what had just fallen from the father of Louisa. He was impatient to prove that he deserved the confidence about to be reposed in him, and begged to ask the nature of the mission on which he was to be sent.

"There are circumstances connected with it of a melancholy — of an awful nature." Brinkman uttered these words with unusual solemnity. He paused for a moment, and then proceeded: "Before I say more, have I your promise, that you will observe the most inviolable secrecy?"

Henry was about to answer in the affirmative, when Louisa entered, and he was silent.

Brinkman immediately changed the conversation, and seeming to reply to words that had not been spoken, said,

“ Well, I am glad that you are partial to travelling. — Louisa, we must be ready early in the morning.”

In the course of the day, though more than once alone with Henry, Brinkman did not recur to that which he was about to communicate when their conversation was interrupted. On the following day they left Berlin. No incident of importance occurred on the road. Brinkman was as reserved as ever; but Henry was consoled for his abstraction by the charming gaiety of Louisa, which afforded him pleasure such as he had never experienced before.

A little cottage, charmingly situated in the environs of Leipzig, received the travellers. The ancient paintings, the remains of splendid furniture repaired with cheap materials, and associated with articles of the humblest, poorest descrip-

tion, and the family arms, which appeared on one of the walls, and which survived on some few pieces of plate, that remained in use, while the greater part of Brinkman's stock had no such embellishment ; all gave Henry an idea of his friend's decayed fortunes, that powerfully reminded him of his own.

But returned to this lowly retreat, and returned with her father, Louisa was happy. Those objects which excite the ambition, and disturb the repose of the multitude, she had learned to regard with perfect indifference ; and her only grief was, that the recollection of his losses caused her father to cherish regrets on her account, which she was incapable of indulging for herself.

But in her happiness there was one ingredient, which she herself knew not how to name. It was an emotion, superior to all she had known before, and it consoled her for every thing, or at least, it made her forget, what under other

circumstances, would have marred her felicity, and proved the fruitful source of sorrow. Her father preferred solitude, to the society in which he had most delighted before, and for weeks together he would be visible but for a few hours in the course of the morning: the remainder of the day, if not called abroad by business, he would consume in his own apartment, to which he admitted no one. This once would have been for Louisa, a severe affliction; but in the society of Henry, it was not often that it disturbed her repose. He, with the permission of her father, frequently accompanied her to the Kohlgarten, and the various pleasant scenes which are found near the inner city walls; and music, reading, and conversation, filled up their afternoon, in a manner to them so interesting, that they complained of no lack of entertainment. It was only when one was absent, that the other felt uneasy, and at a loss how to accelerate the march of time. By the

secluded life which was the choice of Brinkman, they found themselves alone in Leipzig ; and the result it requires no great stretch of mind to guess, was, that they soon became all the world to each other.

Since they left Berlin, nothing had been said on the subject of the projected mission. Henry had written to his mother, and to Pierrepont, that he expected shortly to return to England. At first he had felt eager to set off ; but his impatience had sustained great diminution ; at first he had been reluctant to press the subject on Brinkman, lest it should betray an unseemly anxiety to return on his own account ; now he abstained from mentioning it, because he wanted courage to propose that, which must separate him from Louisa. To her he made no secret of his feelings in this respect, and she did not conceal from him her wish, that his departure might be long deferred.

“ But yet,” said he, “ it must take place ; and better, perhaps, for my peace of mind, that it should not be postponed. When I see you no more, I shall never be able to banish you from my mind. O that it were my happy, happy lot, to remain with you for ever.”

“ I fear your patience would be exhausted before many years were passed. Such a madcap as I am, would disturb your melancholy.”

“ No ; your gaiety would dispel it. In fact it could not survive for a moment in the bosom of the man, who had the happiness to call you his. But I am not naturally melancholy —”

“ Indeed ! — Well, till this moment, I did not suspect you of affectation ; but now I must conclude, that it is voluntarily assumed.”

“ Not so, Louisa.”

“ Then, flatterer, you are caught ! What becomes of my power to dispel melancholy, if you, exposed to it, as you

have been, for many weeks, are really so sad as you generally appear. Though you often smile, it is not the smile of mirth, but of benevolence, that plays on your cheek; and a tear, even when I have been most solicitous to provoke you to gaiety, has generally appeared peeping from your eye, and only waiting till I turned my head, to burst forth."

"I cannot deny it; and though I expect that you will tax me with inconsistency, when I state the truth; — of that tear you were in part the cause."

"Worse and worse. — O you Goth! — Why, now, from being a flatterer, you become ruder than those Cossacks of whom we hear so much. But go on — this is your riddle: I give it up. Now for the solution. How am I the cause of your tears?"

"Because I cannot gaze on you without feeling the deepest sorrow, from the reflection that past calamities doom

me for ever to admire you at an humble distance, and repress every hope in which I might otherwise have presumed to indulge."

"How can you be so barbarous! See what a situation you place me in! I cannot say a civil thing to you without exposing myself to the reproach of being a very forward girl. However, I must say, I do not see what past calamities have to do with the matter."

"From them results my present lowly condition."

"And what," said Louisa, "is there in your present condition that should repress hope, (believe me, I speak not, think not of myself now,) that should, in any case repress hope, or discourage ambition?"

"Lovely comforter!" exclaimed Henry, pressing her hand in a transport of gratitude.

At this moment Brinkman entered from a door behind, which opened without

noise, and he was wholly unperceived. He started at seeing his daughter's hand clasped, with an appearance of passionate love by a man; and he with difficulty repressed his rage sufficiently to listen while Henry proceeded.

“But you know not all. What if besides being poor, I were the heir of disgrace — what, if I were to tell you, that imputed crime attached to the memory of my father; and that vengeance and ignominy pursued him, even beyond the limits of existence.”

Louisa sighed. “Why then, I should say, if unrevoked the stern decree of Heaven, that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children, enough for mortals the victims of to-day; and having punished the offender against human laws, it is not for man to pursue the offspring of the sufferer, and add his mite to the awful volume of Almighty wrath.”

“Dearer, lovelier than ever!” cried Henry, pressing her hand with fervour

to his lips. It was violently withdrawn, and the tall form of Brinkman now interposed between them. His eyes rested sternly on Louisa, and then glanced angrily at Henry. Surprised and abashed, he attempted no explanation; and for some moments, the indignant father continued to gaze on them in silence.

“Is it well,” he at length said, “that I find you thus — that in my absence you should give yourselves up to idle and fantastic dreams of love? Is it well, that my presence should thus overwhelm you with guilty confusion?”

Henry started at the last words, and replied with energy, “Sir, you have witnessed no guilty confusion. If you had heard our previous conversation, you would know that the spontaneous but innocent freedom, I have used for the first time with your daughter, was but the sudden boundings of gratitude, responding to the language of exalted pity.”

Brinkman paused. The indignation

which had flashed from his eyes, was no more; a tear fell on his rugged cheek; the whole expression of his countenance changed from fierce resentment to indulgent kindness; and in a tremulous voice he proceeded to reply, in language very different from that which Henry had expected to hear,

“ The stamp of truth is on your words. I remember enough to be satisfied that my first impression was wrong. My tempest-tossed heart at length reposes. I see you love my daughter. The sentiment which I have heard her express, is mine, and the feelings and prejudices of the rest of mankind are to me as nothing. She shall be yours, and your courage and address will gain for her a part of what I have lost, and in some measure, atone for my — my — errors. I now unite you for ever; and oh! vain thought! if a prayer of mine could find acceptance at the throne of grace, the measure of your happiness would be com-

plete, and I — but I can say no more. — God bless you.”

While speaking, he joined their hands. A sob, that seemed bursting from a broken heart, convulsed him, and he staggered out of the room.

CHAP. XVII.

"Deck not for me a wreath so gay,
 Nor picture phantoms to my view,
 That fly in sportive spite away,
 And smile to see a wretch pursue."

GRATTAN.

THE sudden manner in which the hope Henry had hardly dared to cherish, had been encouraged and almost realised in a moment, was like a dream ; and he knew not whether surprise or gratitude predominated in his bosom. The vivacity of Louisa was not proof against such a vicissitude: though unshaken by the former reverses of fortune, it yielded to the near view of happiness, and some days elapsed before her usual flow of spirits returned.

But Brinkman, satisfied with what he had done, was more at ease than he

had been at any period, since Henry had known him. A week had passed after the latter had been authorised to consider himself the future husband of Louisa, when he was summoned to attend her father in his study.

“The time is now come,” said Brinkman “when I think it desirable that you should proceed to undertake the delicate task, which I long since announced it to be my wish that you should perform. It is no common mission on which you have to proceed, and where you are to present yourself, with the papers which I am about to confide to you, I can venture to predict that you will witness a scene not easily to be forgotten. If you acquit yourself as I feel assured that you will, there may be some hope of happiness for you and Louisa. But in the first place, you will have to reduce a proud wretch, who little dreams on what a frightful precipice he stands, — to beggary.”

“ Indeed ! — I hope, Sir, that may be avoided. It cannot be necessary to Louisa’s happiness or mine. My industry will, I doubt not, preserve us from want ; and luxury, and splendour will not be required to render our felicity complete.”

“ Fond boy ! you are dreaming of bliss and beauty, and see but little beyond the present moment. Louisa is handsome, you admire her, and believe that when she is yours, happiness must follow as a matter of course. Ah ! young man, has your present existence been so blissful, that you can fearlessly venture to encumber yourself with another ? I have perhaps been too precipitate in encouraging your passion. But it is not yet too late for reflection. Look, and consider well what you do, before you finally decide.”

“ The determination come to, on my part, I am sure needs no revision.”

“ You speak the language of ena-

moured youth. Again I say, look well to what you do, while yet your steps may be retraced. I grant you that Louisa is fair, her figure elegant, her countenance full of expressive harmony and love. Her face, her form, her playfulness, and lastly her health, the undoubted offspring of cheerfulness and innocence, present an image of beauty and purity, on which a seraph's eye might love to dwell. But these charms which now captivate your heart, may fade almost in a moment. Long before old age shall approach, sickness may dismiss those roses from her cheeks; care and sorrow may banish those exhilarating smiles, on which you fondly calculate; and those eyes, which now pour forth their mild radiance in a rich flood of unfailing splendour, bereft of all their brightness, may feebly glimmer in their darkening orbits, the dull and heavy appendages of premature decay."

"Undoubtedly Louisa is mortal. Dis-

ease and sorrow may assail her ; but what created being is exempt from the same danger ?”

“ I would only guard you against taking upon yourself a permanent charge, from your eagerness to possess a transient, perishing flower. Look on this picture.”

With these words, Brinkman produced from his bosom, the portrait on which Henry had seen him gaze, on their passage from Harwich to Heligoland. — Henry looked again on the well-known features of his mother, and exclaimed, in a tone scarcely audible ? —

“ What ! — what of this ! — ”

“ Behold a faint resemblance of as perfect an image of human beauty, as ever graced the orb on which we tread, since the spirit of God first moved on the face of the waters. Gaze on it with me ; but while I gaze, my fevered brain bounds through the melancholy intervening years, and contemplates with burn-

ing anguish the scenes of other days, when this bright straggler from a better world seemed born for me, and born to consummate a gay and glorious destiny. I see her, not as the fair lifeless toy we hold, but smiling with all the native ease of unconscious beauty; glowing with chastened hope, yet modestly receding from the advances to which she was ever exposed; gay, soft and bright, as the budding blossom of spring, while greeted by the early morning sun, it tremblingly shrinks from the approaching zephyr.

“She was indeed most fair.”

“Fair! — ’tis sacrilege to say it. She was celestial! but oh, what fiend gave me to look upon her, and look upon her with hope, only to see her snatched away by a wretch, — I will not say a villain —”

“How!” interrupted Henry. “Of whom do you speak?”

“Bear with me if incoherent; I lose myself when I think of her. I have no

commander of my tongue ; but, like a wretch I once saw on the wheel in his second day of torture, who asked me for water, which I was not allowed to supply, I could in one moment of delirious agony, run through all the varieties of blasphemy and prayer."

" But of whom did you speak ? "

" No matter. — I wander from my object. This being, such as I have described her, — or rather such as no man shall ever describe, was, in person as in mind, all that you can imagine of perfection. But in a very few years, though apparently happy, I saw her reduced by sickness to an emaciated spectre of herself. — Now all that I would say, (forgive my wandering as I did,) is this — suffer not your hopes and your destiny, to rest on the evanescent bliss which external charms may promise ; seek to ally yourself with no one whose mind, — whose heart, is not the superior object of attraction."

With these words Brinkman replaced the miniature.

“I feel,” said Henry, “the force of what you say, and know that Mrs. Burleigh was such as you —”

“Ha! did you know her?” cried Brinkman; and a stare of wild consternation accompanied his words.

“Well. — And her husband also —”

“Mention him not! — He was the wretch who — but let me not pursue him in the grave.”

“He was a man of whom the world might be proud. His eloquence was —”

“Brilliant as the glare of a volcano; but blasting as its desolating lava!”

“His eloquence,” Henry warmly answered “in itself sublime, was rendered transcendantly so, by its never being wittingly exerted but in the cause of justice. His heart was the sacred home of every human virtue.”

“You speak from vague report. Such

indeed, was the belief of the mad mistaken world."

"And such he was! From the evidence of my own senses I speak; from having known him, and enjoyed his beloved society from my earliest infancy till his lamented death."

"What then was Burleigh to you?"

"He was my father."

"God of Justice!" exclaimed Brinkman, retiring with terrific emotion as he spoke. "Can it be possible!"

He sunk into a chair, reclined his head, covered his eyes, and spoke not for some minutes. He at length revived.

"I would not war against filial piety like yours. No; God forbid. But your father destroyed all my hopes. I had recently returned from France, when I aspired to your mother's hand. I flattered myself with visions of success, when a base and groundless report was raised, that I had acted an atrocious part

in the French revolution. Its horrors had just then commenced. My suit was in consequence rejected, and Arabella became the wife of your father. To him that report undoubtedly owed its rise."

"You knew him not. Of such conduct he was utterly incapable. At a time when he little thought that I could ever mention it to you, he, (alluding I doubt not to this circumstance,) most solemnly declared to me, that you had without cause suspected him of having injured you. Till this moment, it never occurred to me that you had at any time been the subject of our conversation; but, now from your name, which, as it is not a very uncommon one, either here, or in England, did not before challenge particular attention, I conclude that you were the defendant in a cause which he conducted, but a short period before his death."

"Your conjecture," said Brinkman, "is not erroneous. I was the defendant

in the case you allude to; and there again his malice burst forth in a flood of eloquence, which, as he had before blasted my prospect of bliss, now gave to the winds my last chance of comfort."

"Till the verdict was returned, he believed that you had long since been dead, and suspected not that you were the person whose interest had formerly been opposed to his. Then sincerely pitying you, he would himself have hastened to offer you assistance, but that he knew it would not be accepted. He, however, caused enquiries to be made respecting your abode, and attempted to supply relief in such a way, that it should not appear to come from him. Did you receive no communication about that time from an unknown hand?"

"What new surprise would you prepare? You have turned my thoughts to a terrible moment. O yes! I remember I was sitting in my apartment, ruminating on the decision which made me a beggar.

I felt myself fast hastening to the tomb, and the image of my child — of my Louisa, seemed to stand before me, such as I believed she must soon be, alone in the midst of a merciless and persecuting world. It was midnight; a storm raged without, and the winds were alternately heard, now hoarse and loud as the thunder of heaven, now soft and sad as the sigh of a dying infant.”

“Were you alone?”

“I was alone; and while the tempest of the night seemed but faintly to image the storm that agitated my lonely and disconsolate heart, I exclaimed aloud, ‘It is not that my limbs become feeble, it is not that my eyes grow dim, and that general debility invades my frame — it is not that my future days must be passed in hopeless poverty, that I complain; but it is for thee, lovely one! on whom I have inflicted life, that my tears flow, — that the unutterable pangs I now feel arise.’”

While I thus spoke, my door opened. The servant had knocked ; but receiving no answer, had ventured to come in. She gave me a letter which had just been left, with strict injunctions that it should be delivered immediately. I opened it, and found it contained three notes for one hundred pounds each, which were accompanied by a scrap of paper, on which were written these words : ‘ From one whom you have unintentionally wronged, but who sympathises with you in your present distress.’ ”

“ Did you preserve that paper ? ”

“ Most carefully. It is here, with others that I always bear about my person ? ”

Brinkman produced the paper. Henry looked at it, and immediately said,

“ This is not my father’s writing ; but I recognise the hand of one who was then in his employ.”

“ Look again. Are you certain ? ”

“ I am.”

Brinkman turned away his face to conceal his emotion, and groaned deeply.

“ I knew,” Henry went on, “ that he had endeavoured to afford you relief.”

“ Would to God he had withheld it !”

“ Did it not come at a seasonable moment ?”

“ I thought it did. The perishing sufferers of Israel’s race welcomed not the heaven-descended manna, with warmer transports of mingled wonder, joy, and gratitude.”

“ Why then regret that it came ?”

“ Because, instead of being the good it seemed, it proved my ruin. — Ruin, did I say ? — it proved my annihilation — my everlasting perdition !”

“ I do not understand —”

“ It is not fit you should. — No more. Leave me now. — The business I talked of before is no longer of consequence. I have nothing to communicate — *to you*, that is, at present. Leave me — leave me to myself.”

Henry obeyed the request in silence.

CHAP. XVIII.

“We then —————

Despoiled straight his breast, and all we might,
Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand,
The sudden streams of blood, that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound. O, what a look!
Oh what a ruthless, stedfast eye, methought,
He fixed upon my face.”

NORTON and SACKVILLE.

At this period, all Europe waited in awful suspense, the result of that tremendous contest, which was to decide the fate of Germany. Every one talked of the impending battle; and Leipsig, filled in every part with French soldiers, was further encumbered by the captives they had made in some recent skirmishes, and by the suttlers and vagabonds of every description, that invariably follow or accompany the movements of a large army.

The residence of Brinkman, though

without the walls of the city, Henry began to think, would not be safe; and before he took his departure for England, he was anxious to prevail on the father of Louisa to remove to a greater distance from the probable scene of action, if his affairs would not admit of immediately retiring from Saxony altogether.

He was prevented from speaking on this subject, by what occurred in the scene last described. When he left Brinkman, he walked out alone, recalling what he had heard and seen, and attempting, but in vain, to fathom the meaning of some of the expressions which had astonished him. Brinkman, however strange his conduct, had, in the intervals between those fits of abstraction to which he was subject, been most kind and attentive; and Henry could not witness his distress but with feelings of acute sorrow. Yet his manner and some of his words seemed to indicate a guilty consciousness, that inspired sensations of awe, and associated

fearful suspicion with that respect and gratitude to which he conceived him to be entitled.

It was evening, and Henry thoughtfully directed his steps towards the church of St. John, which had been some months before converted into an hospital. The burial-ground had become a prison, in which Prussian and Austrian captives were confined. To shelter themselves from the heavy rains which frequently fell at this period, they had recourse to the miserable expedient of disturbing the remains of the dead, and ejecting the coffins, with their contents, from the vaults in which they were supposed to have found a last resting-place. An altercation at this moment attracted the attention of Burleigh; and some words pronounced in the English language made him soon understand, that among the prisoners a few of his countrymen were to be found. There were several stragglers from the Rocket-

corps, that were now at variance with some of their fellow-sufferers who had attempted to invade a tomb which the British had been the first to open. An Englishman, who was most active on this occasion, observed that it was very ungentlemanly conduct, for one officer to attempt to force himself into another's grave.

A Prussian undertook to prove that the vault was sufficiently capacious to accommodate them all comfortably.

This the Englishman denied; and observing that every Englishman's house was his castle, which he had a right to defend against every one, expressed himself determined to act on this principle by those who should attempt to enter his tomb.

"And so will I, dead or alive," cried a young Irish ensign; "but, to make every thing pleasant, suppose we contrive to get up a bit of a duel or two. That, you know, will make plenty of room for the

survivors, and the dead men can have no occasion for a grave.”

From this mixture of the dismal and the ludicrous, Henry turned with impatience, and the depredations which he saw committed in the public streets, on the property of the citizens of Leipsig by the soldiers of Bonaparte, made him feel that there was no time to lose in pressing Brinkman to remove with Louisa from the scene of operations. He determined to urge this strongly and immediately, and to endeavour to prevail on the former to leave him at Leipzig, to manage any affairs that might otherwise detain him and his daughter in the midst of danger.

In the meantime Brinkman had joined Louisa. She saw that he was sad, and that more than usual care appeared to cloud his brow. She endeavoured to rally him into spirits, but in vain, and as a last effort, had recourse to her harp and sought to enliven him by singing the following song.

THE SHADOW.

I saw the black shadow pursuing my track,

“Advance ye or swiftly, or slow,”

He angrily seemed to say, “Close at your back

I’ll follow, wherever you go.”

Flight proved unavailing. — To face him, at last

I turned, in a petulant whim ;

Then shrinking from me, he retreated as fast

As ever I bounded from him.

“Ah, now” exclaimed Mirth, “henceforth governed by me,

Dismiss weak regret and despair,

And banish vain terrors ; for do you not see

That impudent shadow is *Care* ?

Delighting irresolute mortals to chase,

Retreat, he comes daringly on ;

But meet him with laughter, it alters the case,

The coward is glad to be gone.”

As the song ceased, an unusual sound was heard. It was repeated ; and they soon found that it was caused by the application of an axe to the door of their dwelling, which happened to be wanted to contribute to the fire of a party that bivouacked at a short distance. It was presently demolished, and with its frame carried off, without any regard to

the remonstrances of Brinkman. More wood was required, and the marauders entered the cottage, seized on the chairs, and these not being sufficient, they next laid hands on the harp. This had been long in the family, and had soothed its present owner in many a melancholy hour. He could not see it thus borne away without feeling more than common sorrow; but resistance was useless. As it was lifted from the ground, one of its chords was accidentally touched. It sent forth a sad and solemn sound, — a sound so mournfully appropriate, that, to the feverish imagination of Brinkman, it almost seemed to become a living being, and to implore protection, or reproach him for his supineness. He could bear no more, but rushing forward, attempted to arrest the robbers in their course. The effort was vain, and he received on the instant a wound in the right breast. He sunk bleeding to the earth, and the depredators retired with their booty, which

was forthwith added to the rest of the fuel collected for their fires.

The blow was so suddenly inflicted, that Louisa, though her eyes were fixed on the actors of this scene, had no idea of the injury her father sustained. On seeing him fall, she sprung to his assistance. She perceived the blood bursting from his wound, and, overwhelmed with agony and alarm, was sinking to the ground when Henry entered, and received her in his arms.

“My father, my father!” she faintly exclaimed, and the sound of her own voice, when pronouncing that name, seemed to restore her failing senses. “Not me,” she cried; “heed not me, but assist my father;” and with these words she disengaged herself, and declined all further aid.

Henry was not slow to discover, that the situation of Brinkman, was such that prompt assistance was necessary. He forthwith dispatched the only domestic

which had been retained, to endeavour, amidst the general confusion, to procure the assistance of a surgeon. He then conveyed the wounded man up stairs. On entering Brinkman's apartment he perceived a person in the attire of a soldier, in the act of lifting the bed towards the window, with the intention of throwing it out. Henry was before incensed at the brutal outrage committed in his absence; but his rage knew no bounds, when he saw that the work of depredation was still going on. Suffering Brinkman to fall on the clothes, which were strewed about the floor, he snatched the bed from the plunderer, and seizing him by the shoulders, precipitated him headlong into the street, by the way which he had intended that the bed should descend. The attack was so sudden, that the fellow had no time to attempt resistance in the room; and a stone which encountered his forehead, when he reach-

ed the ground, took from him, for that time, all thoughts of resentment.

Henry reflected with pain, that the step he had taken from the impulse of the moment, might possibly be attended with the most fatal consequences. He feared that the comrades of the recently expelled ruffian might return to revenge his fate, by firing the house or destroying its inhabitants.

But the act was not to be recalled; and he had little leisure to dwell upon its probable effects. He applied himself to restore the apartment to something like its former state; having done this, he lifted the wounded man from the floor, placed him still bleeding on the bed, and then pressed a handkerchief against his breast to stop the blood.

Brinkman revived, and looked mournfully round the apartment. His eyes were then fixed for some moments on Henry; but he spoke not. He made a feeble effort to dismiss the tears which

dimmed his sight; and after a further pause, he broke silence by enquiring,

“Are we quite alone?”

“Yes, Sir. Louisa retired into another room, while I was employed in putting you to bed.”

“’Tis well. I feel that I am near my end: I have but few moments to exist, and those I wish to devote to you.”

“Do not exert yourself so much in your weak state.”

“It can be of no importance. I believe the wound is mortal. My blood flows fast; my hours—I should rather say my minutes, are numbered.”

“Not so. I trust with timely assistance, you may yet recover.”

“Do not flatter me. I grow fainter. I fear that I am nearer death than I supposed; but ere I breathe my last, I would wish to unfold what it much imports you to know.”

He paused from weakness. Henry, however anxious to hear what he was

disposed to communicate, could not help suggesting that it would be better to defer what he had to say till the morning.

“No, no,” Brinkman replied; “tomorrow I shall be an inanimate heap of clay. Let me employ the little life I have, in making known what I have seen. Before the last throb arrives, I would fain gasp a confession of my guilt.”

“Of guilt!” Henry exclaimed, starting with surprise and horror.

“Of guilt. — Destiny has strangely thrown us together. When I first met you it was my object to send you to England. The task I proposed to assign to you — but I have not strength to go into details. Let me hasten to the most important point at once. Your father — your respected father —”

His voice here sunk; and from emotion as well as from loss of blood, he was unable to proceed for some time. He at length went on —

“Your father is supposed to have laid violent hands on himself, — and ——”

“Proceed sir — O, proceed !”

“The sentence pronounced by the law against those who commit suicide, has been carried into effect against him and against his family. — He was no suicide.”

“How !”

“He was murdered.”

Henry shrank from the appalling sound with a shuddering sensation not to be described. He had before suspected, but was notwithstanding unprepared for this frightful confirmation. Brinkman, overpowered by the effort which he had made, lay silent and almost lifeless for several minutes.

“He was murdered,” he repeated.

“And the assassin?” Henry wildly enquired, and feared to add another word, lest the time consumed by uttering it should occupy the last moment in which Brinkman could reply.

“ I was there,” he added ; and the words that followed were inarticulate.

“ Name the assassin.”

“ I—I—” Brinkman replied, and attempted to say more, but death seemed at that moment impatient for its victim, who sunk back on his pillow in a state of insensibility. As the last response was given, the surgeon appeared. Henry could restrain himself no longer, but rushed from the chamber.

“ My dear father ! — how is my dear, kind, unhappy father ?” cried Louisa, arresting his steps as he passed rapidly across the adjoining room.

“ Your father !” exclaimed Burleigh ; “ The monster is hastening to that — But what am I saying. — It is not into that ear that I should pour such sounds.”

“ Nor into any other. O ! Mr. Henry, what means this altered deportment ? Is he dead ?”

“ I know not. — But his victim is,” he added, bursting into tears, as the re-

collection of his father's fate came over his mind. — "Farewell, Louisa! — I must see you no more."

"What! can you leave us now!"

"Angelical being! — Why is it decreed! Why must I — must I — But the horrible crime was none of thine. O no! had but thy image been present to his mind, that angel face had turned the dagger's point aside — my father still had lived — I had not been the destitute exile I am, nor thou ——"

"What! what! — for Heaven's sake what!"

"The daughter of a murderer!"

The words thus extorted from the agonised Henry, fell sadly on the startled senses of the trembling, delicate being before him. She heaved no sigh — she uttered no exclamation of pain, of surprise, of incredulity, or of horror. But the fatal sounds seemed to destroy, in the moment they reached her; and thought, sensation, and life itself receded before

them. The tender, fond, and accomplished daughter of Brinkman, sunk before the awful intimation which it was her affliction to receive from the lips of her lover. Annihilated by that voice which had till then been her music, without a groan she fell prostrate at the feet of Henry, before, in the horrible confusion of that moment, he was conscious of the effect of what he had said; and her peaceful spirit was to all appearance removed for ever from all anxiety, from all consciousness of danger, and all sense of pain.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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